

The Psychoanalytic Review

A Journal Devoted to an
Understanding of Human Conduct

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM A. WHITE, M.D., and SMITH ELY JELLIFFE, M.D.

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Sleep Walking and Moon Walking. J. SADGER

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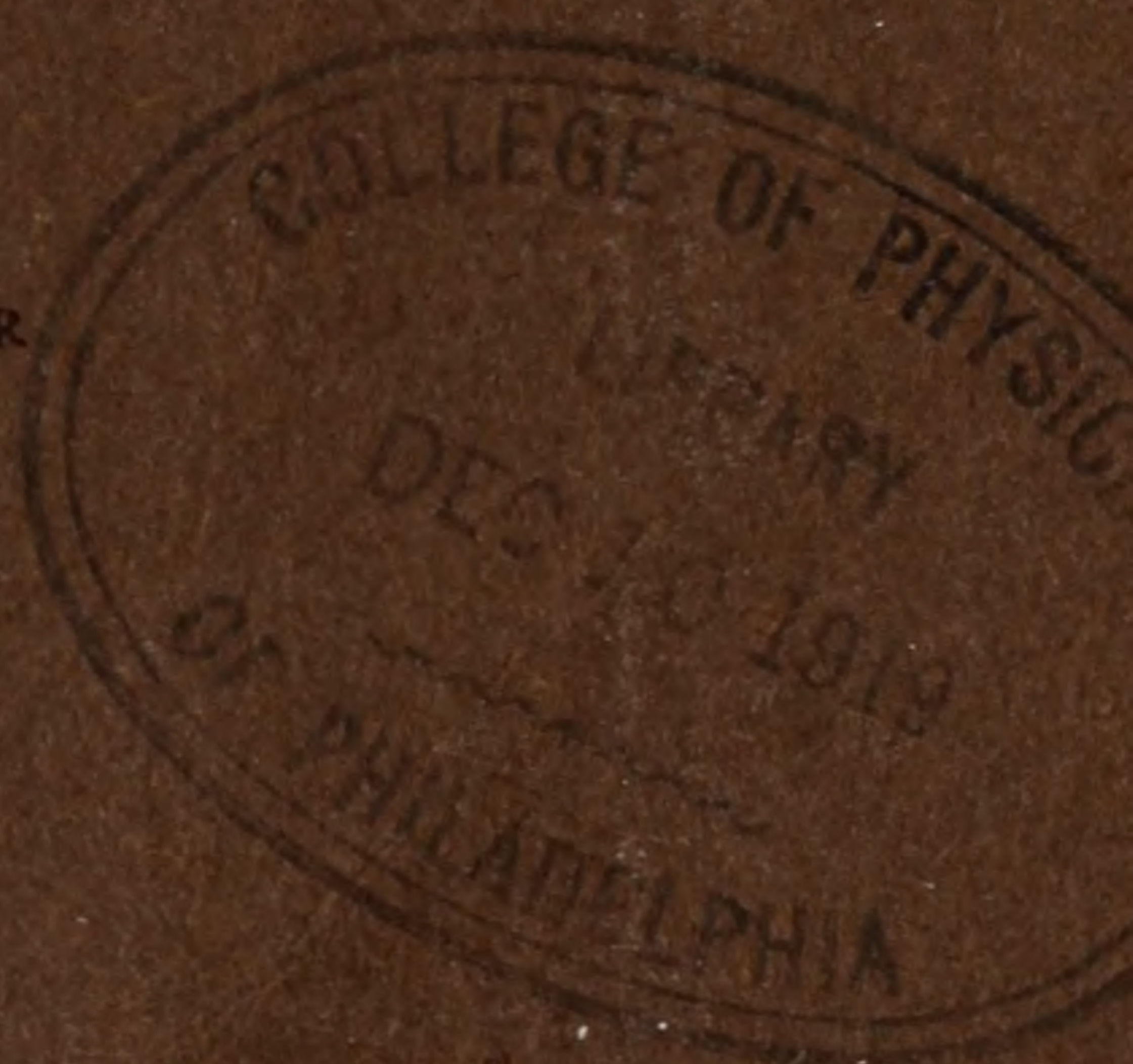
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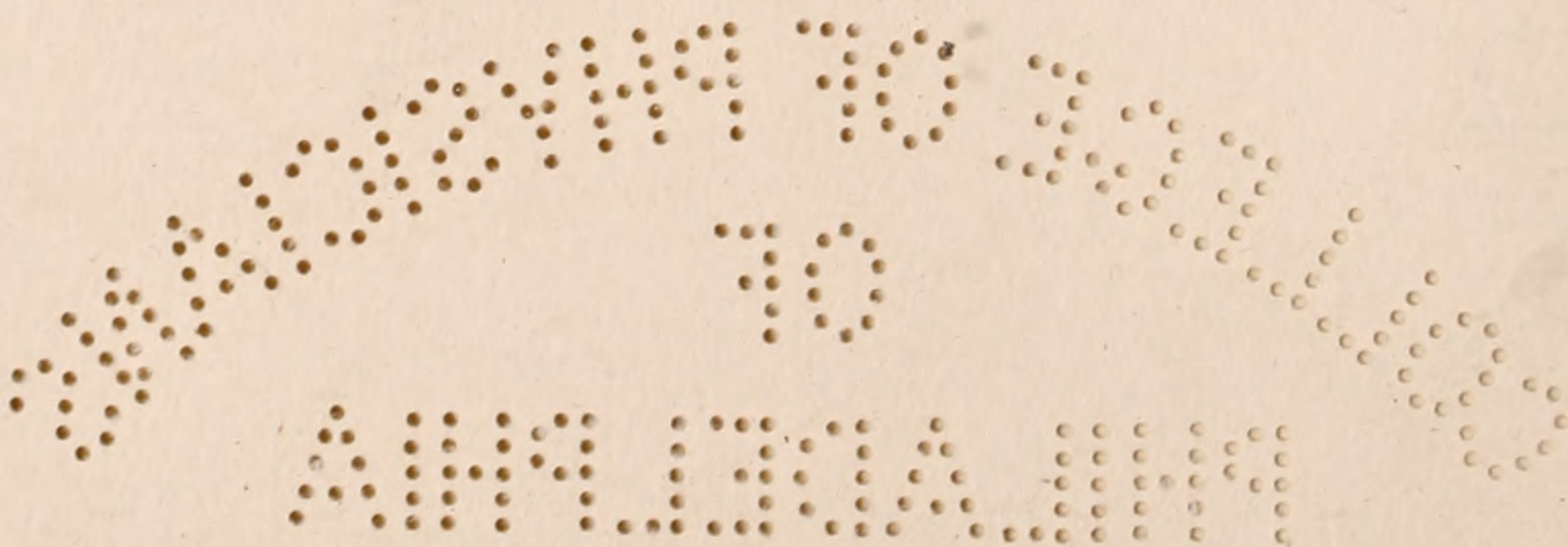
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VOLUME VI

OCTOBER, 1919

NUMBER 4

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

THE WILD DUCK¹

BY SMITH ELY JELLIFFE AND LOUISE BRINK

Ibsen's power and genius for touching the finer intimate realities of life close at hand, are perhaps most evident in this one of his plays. His message lies peculiarly in the circle and through the intercourse of humble almost sordid daily life. Yet critical thought almost refuses to see in the midst of ordinary life the truth of such characters as he has drawn. The world has always tried to avoid its own too intimate features, projecting them into something which it considers not of itself, or which it believes transcends or denies the pettiness and sordidness and thereby even the finer depths which lie close at hand. The dramatic message is usually looked for in the unusual or in the embodiment of the ordinary in the unusual or striking form. And so at first it is missed here.

Even the student of pathology seizes first upon the more obvious problems of inheritance, morbid development or conspicuously diseased attitudes toward life, and often overlooks, as he does in actual life, many sick souls who are struggling under psychopathic burdens and to whom there is left only an imperfect compromise with reality. Or he makes a clumsy attempt to enroll such characters as those of this play in a scheme of classification which condemns them to a static conception as meaningless as it is inapplicable to the problem of their struggle and failure or success, and therefore he destroys the interpretative value of such characters for real life.

Not so with Ibsen. His characters come from the real world and he follows in them as a rule no particular line of heredity, of degen-

¹ Read by title. Am. Psychoanalytic Assoc., 1918.

eracy or what not, under which the psychiatrist tries to subsume them. He recognizes far more varying fluctuations of sickness or health and their causes, and at the same time an equally diversified and adjustable line of therapy. He does this, we believe, not with a definite conscious purpose which would lead him to subscribe to these technical words, which may seem to impute to him a more distinct psychiatric attitude that he ever had clearly in mind. But his very intuitive perception of these actual individual characters and situations in society and his fearless way of granting them also a place in dramatic consideration presents them nevertheless in just such possibility to his audiences.

In this he becomes especially the apostle of reality not only but of that nice adjustment to reality which life requires for success. This must be found not most effectively in conventional generalizations of thought and conduct but in individually varying adaptations. He does not find therefore the psychopathology of life only where careless and self-blinded thinking of it in the lump is likely to relegate it, in certain large groups of obvious mental abnormalities and aberrations. Far more truthful, far more delicately appreciative of the limitations within the possibilities of mankind is the hand that traces the finely wrought drama of the *Wild Duck*. It sketches into it the small tragedies and comedies which make up the greater tragedy as well as the joy of life. Deeply and firmly it incises the subtle tragedy beneath. It covers it softly with no false veil of idealism but instead allows it the glamor of illusion which daily, hourly, in greater or less degree, relieves every life of the too piercing and rending reality of self, which is thus partially hidden and rendered more tolerable. In this Ibsen is the truest of naturalistic realists, for this is life as it is lived and in this alone it is able to continue and progress. Its own naked exposure of the lines beneath, which is all the idealmonger can see of realism, would be life's own suicide and that of all its possibilities.

Ibsen knows this well and yet he also knows that life may not stagnate among its own illusions. They are there and for the sake of certain ones who are psychically weak and sick they must be tenderly handled and carefully preserved. This is not the least message of his whole dramatic activity. Yet for the larger public, in whom after all lies the hope of progress, self control and wider freedom through such knowledge, he brings also a wholesome message of self-revelation and need for improvement. He holds up the sicknesses which have not been called such in order to summon the

stronger ones to leave them and come to a freer and more effective use of reality. He calls attention to the weaker ones for whom society must have a care, in a more thorough appreciation of these saving compromises, its illusions, and in order, knowing man more clearly, to grant wider opportunity for the varying abilities and disabilities of humanity to exert themselves. Then the weaker ones may realize their possibilities and through greater opportunity gradually outgrow their limitations.

The Wild Duck is therefore a drama of this duller side of existence, but so infused with a poetry of sympathy and symbolism that it is etched deep within the reality of life as it is, and is warm with a possibility of life and love, which no sordidness in the midst of living energy can quench. The drama attempts no such heights as those to which Ibsen's poetry aspires in some of his early romances built on the skaldic legends nor the stern purpose and determination of the ideal-inspired Brand. Neither does love rise to that exaltation of desire which could only end in the utter sacrifice at the mill race in "Rosmersholm." There are no heights but there are infinite depths beneath the dull sordidness within photographer Ekdal's rooms. The wild duck can no longer fly in the sphere to which she once belonged and to this she owes her place in the symbolism and action of the play. It is the depth from which she has been rescued with trailing wing and foot, which center about her the interest and devotion of the family and give her a worth to Hedvig that includes her in the child's anxious prayers. "For I pray for the wild duck every night, and ask that it may be preserved from death and all that is evil."

She has lain in "the depths of the sea" where she had bitten herself fast and would have perished had not a stronger than herself brought her forth to a life of comfort, care and appreciation, where she "thrives as well as possible in the garret there." She typifies the wild free nature to do and dare without let and hindrance in the open air, but growing as easily content to adapt herself to a life of dependence and care as the human beings among whom her lot has fallen. Even the sacrifice to the false interference of ideals is not asked of the symbolic creature, but falls rather upon the child, the one embodiment in the home of the budding activity of the indomitably real life arising out of the mass of illusion and self-obscurity.

"A regular psychopathic conference we meet with" in this play, "a council of fools," it has been said.² Yet even in these characters

² Weygandt: *Abnorme Charaktere in der dramatischen Literatur*. Wiesbaden, 1907.

are the people we meet in ordinary life and who are not far to seek. Many such fools' councils gather daily around us, in many of them we all participate. Ibsen's keen penetration subtly perceives this but his touch is far more than that of the cynic pointing out the fact to his readers or the beholders of the pictures he has traced. It has been said by various critics that his touch did not heal, that he brought man to a realization of himself but to no saving "grace" beyond himself. This play in itself alone is a poignant denial of such a pessimism, and its acknowledged effect of self-accusation and self-examination on the part of its spectators is a sincere testimony to the regenerating moral power which Ibsen the writer could never conceal. His is that masterly therapy which knows just how carefully to lift the veil of illusion, where the light of self-condemnation might wholesomely enter, or can drop it again when man is too weak to bear the harder truth but can thrive only in the fictitiously adorned garret of his self-deceptions. He is stern and direct enough in his denunciations of a strong social group which fosters and profits to its selfish advantage upon false codes and formulations, but with the individual he is patient and protecting, while none the less true and sincere in his representations of self-deceit. But he knows how far the individual may make use of the self-revelation and where it would form but a precipitous ending to happiness and courage and even the possibility for better things. This the illusions serve to protect while it germinates. So he caricatures false blundering therapy in the stupid Gregers and thus even whimsically represents his own earlier zeal and fate as a reformer. He suggests too a gentler handling in the wiser but too easily self-contented Doctor Relling.

Ibsen preceded the more modern spirit of therapeutic research which recognizes in every disability a form and degree of illness and for each such disease trait a cause, usually far remote, in the beginning, from its final manifestation. He very rightly therefore opens this "council of fools," or better, council of sick men, in the home of Werle, the rich and successful man of the world, but practically childish and verging on blindness. "Fools, because of their transgressions . . . are afflicted" and these transgressions are the failure to use aright either the inner possibilities of one's nature or the opportunities which these might have in the environment. Werle has a son but a barrier of hatred divides them. It is noteworthy in the light of psychological discoveries of recent years, as well as of the later development of the play and the younger Werle's part

therein, that the hatred is more manifest in him than in the father and finds greater necessity to express itself. The father has the complacency of the man who has followed his own course and been able so to bend circumstances to his external power that his sins have escaped detection and have left him still free to pursue his way. So far his own power is secure. Retribution is slowly creeping upon him in the loss of his sight and in the final and determined severance by his son of all further relationship between them. Therefore he may be somewhat summarily dismissed from the play, except for the nemesis which follows upon others largely through his indirect instigation.

The first act is, however, deeper in its fundamentally tragic revelation than a casual reader might suppose. Up there at the "Höidal works" Gregers Werle has had "plenty of leisure to think and think about things," a dangerous proceeding for a man who has added to his original childish bent toward an intense mother love a darkling suspicion of a father whom he has seen through his boyhood "at too close quarters." Moreover this brooding child was the son of a mother neurotically weak and lacking in self-control, at times in her difficulties under the influence of the false security of drugs, likely to exaggerate her real or fancied wrongs and to present an exaggerated reaction to them. We know also how Ibsen in his sincerely loyal yet utterly truthful championship of woman never falters in his representation of the weapon of selfish destructiveness which woman too often wields nor does he mitigate the responsibility which her weakness and inadequacy bear toward the man's course of action and his ultimate fate.

No one who has observed the often unreasonable rebellion of even the small child to the superior power and authority of the father, and the employment by the child of such weapons of criticism or defiance which may lie at his infantile hand can fail to see the fundamental character of Gregers' attitude toward his father, which he justifies by the moral cloak of his spirit of reform, his everlasting "claim of the ideal" which he presses all too conscientiously also upon himself. This forms a sufficiently self-deceiving and self-justifying cover for the jealousy skulking since childhood in the unconscious. The original rivalry existing between father and son, as claimants of the love of the same woman, revives an inheritance of social conflict which was conspicuously operative in primitive society and which is repeated in the unconscious emotional life, at least, of each generation of individuals, who must in a sense relive past

experience within themselves and make the same sort of adjustment to reality. The father's superiority sexually, his first claim, is overthrown in the boy's imagination when he adopts the mother's suspicions, the defense on her part against her own sense of inadequacy, and then finds occasion to magnify and support these by the actual misdemeanors of the father. There is no more complete compensation for his envy of the father and resentment toward his course than an identification with his mother in his unconscious desire to suffer through her, to make her his in common cause. He asserts his superiority and greater power over the father in his own impeccable moral attainment as well as the strength of his moral ideal, which must thrust itself up through the illusions, the lies, wholesome or otherwise, of all mankind. Thus also he defends himself from the consciousness of his own jealousy and vindictiveness, and the egoism at their core. He is, if he but knew it, equally self-deceived and unable therefore to direct his consciously honestly intended effort toward his fellow men with the same candor and directness with which Relling more judiciously measures the amount of his reform, or non-reform of that which serves a better purpose as it stands.

The cause of failure for so much apparently well-meaning effort is unrecognized because of actual inability and lack of courage to see the egoistic impulses which primarily and fundamentally actuate. This blindness produces blunder, where courage would pierce to these impulses and by utilizing them more frankly would by that very method obtain a far greater amount of emotional power for unhampered yet socially directed effort, a psychic energy value for the actual work of society and the growing welfare of its members. Ibsen subtly touches these depths in their dynamic value and cannot tolerate the formal masks behind which such true individual power has retreated, so long as they represent merely lifeless ideals. Toward such the individual cannot effectually strive and they kill rather than inspire and render possible individual effort at development. The individual, however, appearing as he does in society in any one of varying degrees of ability to cope with the realities of life, finds some form of illusion under which he dwells more secure, without which in his special weakness all security would be lost and effort be impossible. Ibsen sees in this a form of therapy which cares for the weak if it does not cure them. Some are incapable of cure of their psychic maladies of whatever degree they may be, but with such illusions they at least are upheld to live a life of reasonable comfort

and happiness, and of a certain limited usefulness. Others with such support are better able to make some progress toward a freer life of greater self-independence. As a matter of fact all men must have some illusions of belief and conviction to soften the otherwise too harsh demands of reality, and grant a supportive courage to individual effort upon them. Happy the man or woman who can accept this fact and in his or her process of growth and development cast these off with successive expansion of spirit and increasing power of grasping reality and making use of it. These are the individuals to whom Ibsen's message most vigorously appeals. They are the ones to whom the psychopathology of this play is not the mere presentation to scorn or ridicule or pity of characters ludicrously or lamentably weak. They are themselves pricked to the quick in recognizing weaknesses common to themselves and all men in greater or smaller measure and thus are stimulated to shake off their fetters and attain freedom of spirit and to help others to do so. This is the psychopathology in which we all share, which recognizes the sickness in all men, and offers a therapy measured to the ability of each one to appropriate and heal himself by it.

The would-be reformer Gregers has already gone clumsily at work when in the light of his ideal he has invited his old friend Hjalmar to his father's house to the dinner celebrating Gregers' return from the Höidal works. Hjalmar is, however, an awkward and unpleasing guest. His very different circumstances of life make him so, beside his relationship of dependence upon the older Werle's bounty, of which however Gregers is still ignorant, as well as the natural shyness and inability to make successful social contacts, which belong to Hjalmar's self-centered nature. He lingers long enough after dinner to outline to Gregers his present situation and the debt he owes the father of the latter, and also to present a sorry social appearance in response to the kindly efforts of his hostess and the persiflage of the other guests. Moreover his cowardly ignoring of his father's sudden intrusion into the room forms only one more weapon of self-pity and self-indulgence in the discomforts to himself which he delights later to magnify and declaim upon.

His revelation of his circumstances together with his abrupt departure serve as occasion for Gregers' attack upon his father and the severance of all further relations with him. Gregers has full faith and admiration toward this friend of his earlier years, or at least sees in him a suitable object for his own exalted mission of proclaiming and establishing his "claim of the ideal." So he betakes

himself almost at once to Hjalmar's house to begin the work of redemption he feels is sorely needed there. For from Hjalmar he has discovered a part of the truth, the crueller part of which he has later surprised from his father. Gregers learns that Hjalmar, contentedly established in the business of photography, with a practical wife, efficient in her humble sphere and faithfully devoted to him, is living under a completely falsely understood position. The favors he has received from the elder Werle were only bestowed to discharge from that gentleman's conscience a deep obligation toward Hjalmar's father, who had suffered ruin and imprisonment for an offense against the state in the matter of the forests for which Werle had been equally guilty but in which he had been able to go free. Furthermore it had been to Werle's advantage to throw Hjalmar into the way of marrying Gina, a former housemaid with whom Werle had been on terms of intimacy, and in this indirect way to provide for her support. From such an arrangement, which had nevertheless worked out to the happiness of those most concerned, Gregers feels it his duty to tear the covering of deceit.

Meanwhile Hjalmar has returned to his humble home where the now utterly faithful wife and their daughter Hedvig await his return. The contentment in this home is of a sorry sort viewed from the exalted plane of the "ideal," that ideal which makes an equal claim upon all alike regardless of the varying degrees of ability to face practical issues and of the weaker characters who would fail utterly in the glaring light of these. This home is instead the harboring place of illusions by which life is made bearable. If life accomplishes but little here, the characters representing it would accomplish still less without these or would utterly and tragically fail. Gina is however of a more courageous, independent nature, although limited in social and intellectual acquirements. No illusions disturb or blind her, but she is able to take the reality of her own life, and philosopher that she is, the real service of the lies in which the others live, and make the best of things as they are, weaknesses, mistakes and all. She is the saving practical pragmatist, living wisely in the best she can make of the present without footless anxiety and concern for the unhappy past.

Then there is the daughter Hedvig, light-hearted though not entirely carefree. She is not deceived by the illusions of her father's or grandfather's lives, any more than by those of the garret, but from them both she extracts much of the joy and strength of life in the little things that go to make up all that is worth while. She can

use these things, false in themselves, for her own pastime and profit, and much more in a watchfulness toward father and grandfather, ready for service, ready to turn everything as much as may be to their best account. The garret decorations and its brood of inhabitants are to her a "bit of real poetry," and even Hjalmar's bombastic phrases can be honored by her, "just because sham and deceit are entirely foreign to her inner self."³ She represents the truth that can afford to thrive in the greater depths which underlie the passing illusions and which in the course of development must outgrow them, even if only to shelter itself for another period of time under some new form of these. This truth is won nevertheless through the bitterness of a sacrifice which arises from some hidden entanglement after all in the atmosphere of falseness, and this does not fail in Hedvig's case. Ibsen is representing the course of life as it reveals itself, developing under and through such imperfect means, while incompleteness and destructiveness take their toll from the course of progress. This is only the reality of human life as it is revealed in the past history of the race, in present conditions and to which, as a continued future process, man can only blind himself by a false sense of security in a phantasy-created elimination of such imperfection and loss. Since this method however proves itself incompatible with reality, and in the struggle between such a dependence on phantasy and the world as it is, the human psyche too often loses its moorings of health and usefulness, it is better to learn that a better future can arise only out of a determined effort of man's energy upon the real world as it is. Inventions will then be made not by dreaming of them on the sofa after a good meal, but by detailed application of mind and body to the working out of some portion of reality step by step. Nothing in the physical world or the mental will come to pass in any other way.

The high-sounding phrases and the grandiose schemes of Hjalmar are all the food he has to offer eager little Hedvig, who has been awaiting his return from the dinner with the goodies which his generous intention had promised her from another man's table. The intricate finesse in the weaving of the symbolism of this play gives frequent pause. The skeleton framework of the play, the elaborated relationship, though a secret one, of the Ekdal family toward the Werle family, is constantly being brought through symbolically to the surface. The family gratefully feel they owe even the duck to

³ Andreas-Salomé, Lou: Henrik Ibsens Frauen-Gestalten, pp. 69, 70. Jena, 1910.

Werle but the dramatist's keener sense of truth represents the wild bird not as a symbol of generosity or of the advantage of proximity to the great man but rather as indicative also of the bondage of spirit in which they are placed. She had bitten herself fast in the tangle and seaweed as the result of Werle's shot, and it was only secondarily that she was rescued in her maimed condition and secured by them. Nothing but that which he has wounded, which proves worthless to him, Werle passes on to these recipient of his seeming generosity, but the two childish men rest complacently in their self-deception and in a feeble way set to work, as Gina more efficiently did, to rebuild and in their limited measure to restore, what has been broken.

The rented or borrowed coat which Hjalmar has worn to the party is laid aside, the two or three new ideas which he had ignominiously to receive through his discomfiture at the party, are discharged now as his own to his admiring family. Hjalmar settles himself to the joy of their adoration, particularly that of the more romantically devoted and idealizing little daughter and to the satisfaction of no little interspersed self-pity. Meanwhile the grandfather has preceded Hjalmar home, also provided with the cheer which particularly warms his heart. His support and his indulgence are from the same hands which have dispensed the means of livelihood to the family, and all at the price of his own freedom and self-respect as at bottom of that of each other member. Yet both men are blinded to that or have succeeded in so glossing it that it has all the value of unreality, only makes another theme for Hjalmar's ready declamation. Gina alone, practical and courageous enough to meet reality with action, needs no blinding for herself, and Hedvig is yet unspoiled by it.

Gina is placidly tolerant of the sham and boasting which surround their life, Hedvig throws herself into it with all the grace and seriousness of a growing child spirit. The two who are sick are permitted and encouraged in their use of the means at their disposal to while away their time and make the real world better fit their infantile ideas of it and their infantile capacity to adapt to it. First of all, and in its symbolism most important of all, is the garret. The elder Ekdal, once a man of parts, had been happy and to a certain point successful in a life in the open. First a lieutenant in the army he afterward went into the timber trade with his friend Werle. Here it was he that was punished for the crime against the state forests, of which both were guilty, and honor and reason were lost by a sojourn in the penitentiary.

Ibsen has not made clear what there may have been originally of weakness and inefficiency in his character, but his son's words in regard to the pistol episode, if his sentimental exaggerations can be counted as testimony, point to the fact that the same love of effect, the same sentimental maudling over the decisions and crises of life may have actuated him at the time and prevented his doing more than, as Hjalmar says, holding the pistol in his hand but not daring to use it when the sentence was passed upon him. At any rate he has done what prisoners are prone to do when a sufficient psycho-neurotic constitutional basis is present behind their external disgrace and deprivation. He has built for himself a world of phantasy which to him still proves as satisfactory as anything the real world can offer, more so because it asks of him no responsibility, presents no demands and no dangers, he thinks, such as go with the free wild woods, which as he softly says, "avenge themselves." The garret is to him a place of sheer delight as it is to his childish son, who has a certain amount of adult shame and sense of responsibility mixed with ego-centered cowardice either toward acknowledging the truth or seeking to have it otherwise. So he excuses his pleasure in the garret always under cover of his care for his father's weakness and childishness. This garret has been adorned with withered Christmas trees and been stocked with pigeons, rabbits, and now wonder of wonders, a "real wild duck" has become its most honored inhabitant. Here the two men, ostensibly for the sake of the older one, take their morning walk, fritter their time away in tinkering about the fowl's quarters and shoot in pretence of the once free life in the woods.

Besides this Old Ekdal loses his sense of the hardness of things in alcoholic indulgence, a circumstance of which certain commentators make much, as if this were the source if not of his downfall at least largely of the inheritance of psychic weakness he hands on to his son. We believe Ibsen to have been a far more thorough psychopathologist and to have intended to show this here as he has in other plays, and most emphatically be it said, in "Ghosts," not as a cause of later weakness manifested in the son, but here as well as there in both father and son, just one symptomatic indication of a much more fundamental and general weakness. There it was related to the attaining of the joy of life on the part of both and was with the father but one of the symptoms of an inability toward psychic self-control and sublimation of his abundant energy to higher planes of endeavor. With Oswald the son the condition was

the same, only as Ibsen painstakingly represents it, merely an indulgence after the weakness and loss of control of general paresis had overspread his mental life. Here likewise it is one mark and trait of a weakened adaptability to real life, for which alcohol affords a path of least resistance, to less responsibility and further occasional retreat into the phantasy world. The external manifestation of such a trait in the father, presumably only in the years of his downfall and degradation, need not for any reason be taken as the source of psychical weakness and insufficiency on the part of the son. Rather it would seem merely an individual mode of expression and indulgence of the same constitutionally psychoneurotic nature, which in Hjalmar found its symptomatic satisfaction in other fashion. His special form of intoxication is in his exalted self-worship. This includes his ephemeral outburst of emotion toward wife and daughter under the influence of the sentimental strains which he draws forth from the flute. Hedvig's thoughtfulness and watchfulness have put this into his hand to avert a less pleasing storm of self-pity and complaint, which are a part of that opposite indulgence in which he revels in his own imaginary sufferings. One might add that a bread and butter intoxication, especially the "butter spread thick," formed a more satisfactory outlet for his overnursed and so apparently overcharged emotions. While the older Ekdal dissipates his libido into the channels opened by alcohol and finds thus deeper dreams, Hjalmar drains his energy into the channel of the gastric erotic, staying awake, as it were, to enjoy that process as he does his own emotional effects.

This is so typical of various psychoneurotic manifestations that it is worthy of special note and is further convincing of the practical and keen-sighted quality of Ibsen's psychopathology. It is a marked trait in the struggle between the ease of phantasy and harder reality, when the former wins the ascendancy, if only for a time, that the individual resorts to the taking of food, recalling indeed the easiest and surest method by which the small infant finds comfort and release from the small hardships which press upon it. It would take us too far to follow the transformations and retransformations of phantasy here, which make this process of seeking relief a complicated one, in which deeper, further-reaching ego impulses through an archaic and intricate symbolism find gratification in food and gastric interests reinterpreted in terms of unconscious thought. Nor can we follow here the strange distortions of original phantasy and wish which produce aversion to food and the conscious self-correc-

tion of these unconscious interpretations and tendencies, which together produce many serious neurotic troubles and an endless chain of self-denials, inability really to use food and healthily to utilize the gastric mechanism. It is enough to confine ourselves now, as Ibsen has done, to the more obvious infantile enjoyment and refuge to be found in the taking of food and the occasion that this gives, as it does notoriously in the patients whom the psychoanalyst meets, for a mistaken self-denial, more boasted than real. Here it serves, even if made more actual than in the case of Hjalmar, to form a theme for masochistic martyrdom and deprivation of the real things necessary to the healthiest life.

Ibsen surely would consider the renovation of all this falseness and wastefulness of energy and time as the duty of a progressive society. Yet it must come, as the true psychotherapist well knows, from within, not from without. Hope probably lies here in the growing child, whose life is protected by the peace and happiness of the home, while it finds the true self-expression which is to be hers. And this even though she must develop under the physical handicaps of insufficient food that her father may be fed, the threatening blindness, her inheritance from Werle, perhaps the real father, and intellectually preyed upon by the too infantile attitude of much of the home. There are also the intellectual disadvantages which she owes to her father's self-absorption and inherent indolence. "Father has promised to read with me; but he never has had time yet." Yet these may all be but stimuli to an actually unfolding nature, full within itself of the spirit of inquiry and activity. There lurks, however, a deeper danger, which, rightfully set free, will become a source of power, but which needs the same gentle opening as the folded rosebud with its guarded store of sweetness and beauty. Rude interference destroys its promise and turns the delicate petals to a crumpled lifeless mass, the beauty desecrated and the fragrance a thing of nought.

Gregers, in his blinded moral pride, dares to lay his hand upon the child's inner treasure and tears it out to a cruel self-revelation, terror and death. It seems to him in his own exaggerated attitude toward life that the finest thing he can do will be to bring his "claim of the ideal" here and, by opening the eyes of all concerned to the darker and sterner truths which underlie their contentment, to raise them to a higher plane of satisfaction and power. His own intolerance of weaknesses and differences of adjustment toward life show him no other way for his friends as well. And who can say how

much unconscious satisfaction is also his, in his bitterness of reaction, in tearing down this happier structure which his father has so carefully built up, to his own advantage to be sure, but by no means to the disadvantage of the objects of his benefactions?

Gregers blunders first and most in the appraisal of Hjalmar's character. Perhaps the latter also is an object to him for the exercise of his superior moral attainments and therefore an unconscious source of gratification to his ego sense of power. Perhaps Hjalmar has for him all the attraction which a weaker man exercises in this way upon a stronger one, or one who like Gregers magnifies some strong development within himself into an obstinacy of purpose which impresses itself upon the weaker one. It may be also the pride of attainment in the carrying out of this ideal in a home apparently particularly suited to its application, and with this the unconscious satisfaction not only in outwitting the father but in proving the superiority of the son's moral point of view. At any rate Gregers soon lays bare the truth concerning Gina's early life, the source of Werle's generosity in the secret reasons for it. He is but a rude physician amid the disease and poison which he claims to discover here. One might snatch a strong well man suddenly from such an atmosphere but no careful therapist would attempt immediately so radical a cure for the weak. The result is exactly what a wiser man would have foreseen. There is a wiser man below stairs, Doctor Relling, weak and dissolute fellow as regards his own life but in an unobtrusive way trying to be of service to those he finds in need. "I'm supposed to be a sort of a doctor—save the mark! I can't but give a hand to the poor sick folk who live under the same roof with me." And so he has restored a faith in himself to the forlorn creature who parades under the name of a student of theology, saving him from fatal despair by convincing him that he is not self-accountable, only "daemonic." What comfort in the obscurity created by a sonorous name!

He has encouraged Hjalmar in a belief in an invention to be made by him, which therefore preserves to him a faith in himself and a contentment with the present, even though this ambition constantly recedes into a future of unattainable rewards and serves largely to feed and nourish Hjalmar's self-worship and self-importance. Gina is placidly tolerant of it because it satisfies her husband and it adds one more element to Hedvig's happy humoring of her father and her half credulous pride in him. Meanwhile Hjalmar is actually engaged neither in this nor in the work of photography, in

which his wife and even the almost blind daughter do the work, while he actually fritters his time in childish occupation with the more completely and openly childish old man in the garret.

In fact, so far as Hjalmar is concerned, Gregers' efforts to renovate the condition of things can amount to but little. No great good and no great harm can result. The effect upon him is only momentary, a flurry of emotionalism and a fresh exercise of the neurotic ability for self-enjoyment and self-aggrandizement through self-pity and heroic declamations. Simple, faithful Gina is more keenly hurt by the reality of the accusations made and the interference with her sincere and successful efforts to atone by a life of useful adaptation for the mistakes of the past. The old father in his isolated world of phantasy is as untouched by this as by all else that transpires among the rest. Gina however knows the way of recovery from this fresh wound and is fully ready to do whatever is her share of readjustment. That at first is largely to provide for the distraction and uncertainty and indecision into which her husband has been thrown. For he reacts with a child's easy power of being disturbed, along with the child's outcry often expressive of nothing more real than a desire to attract attention to himself. So he will make a quick recovery of his former complacency, actually too indolent and unaccustomed to taking or following any course of action, to do anything more than raise a temporary teapot storm.

But alas! there is one whom the true physician Relling has tried to guard, who suffers most from the evil genius which has come to disturb the home. In Hedvig phantasy and reality meet. In childhood's right the one is arising from the other. The wish dreams of childhood and approaching maturity are seeking to establish themselves in a grasp of realities which will know these in their unclouded worth and yet tone them and harmonize them in the phantasy life which is as truly hers. Such a task in this home is, however, no easy one. The inner wish life assumes a too ugly form in the aggressive selfishness and self-worship of the deluded father. The guidance of intellectual training and culture are also sadly meager. Moreover, there is that love and infatuation with which every daughter at some time in her life, it may be only very early, views her father and with which she dwells upon him in loving dependence or in loving motherly care. For the latter there was peculiar opportunity in the presence of so infantile a father as Hedvig's, calling forth all the response of the loving child's nature, which binds him to her by the bonds of her devoted service. This

all tends toward a deep fixation of the child upon the father which is either a model and source of power in her later life, or failing its healthy transference out into the things and upon the objects of her own more contemporary world, may become a source of limitation and disaster. The fact that he is perhaps only her foster father makes him no less the real object of her love and inclination through lifelong association.

We know from analyses of the inner psychical development that this father interest is one of the factors which may work out to that determined though often unconscious demand for power and dominance over the love object of later life, which the child here actually had over the father through her really greater and higher grasp of life. Ordinarily the natural unevenness of the relation between child and parent, in which the child is more dependent, forms one of the difficulties in development, from which the growing child does not always get away, and then in adult love relations the infantile element still predominates. Instead of an adult love with its mutual grapple with reality, mutual adaptation between the love partners and toward the things that make their life, each independent in attitude yet bound together in common constructive purpose—instead of such a mutual progressive attitude, too often there is a sense of right on the part of the woman toward all the man can give and she can demand from him and a weak dependence upon this. This is the unconscious prostitution which society permits and encourages to debase marriage. Often it is apparently reversed but at bottom only the same thing, and appears in the psychical bondage of the man, as here in the case of Hjalmar to his keener, truer daughter, who yet lavished her devotion upon him. This was her feminine victory over him and here would lie the seeds of such a losing attitude toward life as that which drove Hedda Gabler to emasculate the man she loved through destruction of his self respect and self control and of the work which his better self had produced, and finally to destroy herself as the only outcome left. Such is the nature of the danger, if bitterness of soul succeeds a rude awakening toward the actual situations in the family life. Such may result from the forced unfolding of the psychic impulses struggling unconsciously toward the problems of their fulfilment at the time of puberty.

Gregers' weapon of "integrity" is thrust mercilessly into these secret depths. His words, the suspicions he has launched into the household, particularly in regard to Hedvig's true paternal parent-

age, violently tear apart the petals of this folded flower. Some precipitation was inevitable but it need not have been this. Yet even now the child's path of self-destruction is a purer one and more direct than if the struggle had carried itself as with Hedda through long years of self-indulgence and self-complaint, in a dissatisfied effort to adjust the inner disturbed relations first set in motion in the early relations of child with parent. We know little of Hedda's actual childhood but that little always points back to the General, her father. The course of inner conflict with her was perhaps different from that which Hedvig, of different tendencies of character, and in different outward circumstances, might have taken or rather did at once take. Yet Ibsen seems to have had an inner appreciation of the universality of this early determinant in the lives of his men and women, for he always gives a certain artistically suggestive allusion to this first love relationship of the child. Strange pictures of terror play about Brand's childhood, Peer Gynt's are of an opposite, a whimsically weird sort. The mystical element of the "Lady from the Sea" surrounds her with its troubling, haunting power out of the childhood home. Mention has already been made of Gregers' child conflict and Ibsen has inserted a few lines from the mouth of the direct and practical Relling which give a key to Hjalmar's inner bondage. Gregers mentions the "loving care with which he [Hjalmar] was brought up." "By those two high-flown, hysterical maiden aunts, you mean? . . . I know all about those ladies; for he has ladled out no end of rhetoric on the subject of his 'two soul-mothers.'"

Relling is no less frank with Gregers himself. He assures him that he is indeed stone blind: "Yes you are—or not far from it. You are a sick man, too, you see. . . . First of all there is that plaguey integrity-fever; and then—what's worse—you are always in a delirium of hero-worship; you must always have something to adore, outside yourself." No one but a man blind and sick, and there are many such, both men and women, in this self-deceived world, would have approached a sensitive growing child in so rude and cruel an absorption in his own hard ideals, with the infection of his "integrity-fever." Yet there is nothing more exquisite in Ibsen's delicate yet decisive character drawing than these interviews between the well-meaning but blinded bungler and the shyly guarded frankness of this loving child psyche. She dwells in a world of sordid practicality and merrily and industriously fills her place in it, yet she never loses the transforming and redeeming background of the

imaginary world and the glimpses of a far-away real world different from that she knows.

She has the sea-captain's treasures stored in the garret, particularly the "one great big book called 'Harrison's History of London,'" which, by the way, we learn was Ibsen's peculiar childhood treasure. Most of all, however, the wonderful duck speaks of the open life beyond and around it the child's interests and affections largely center. Her phantasy is so wholesomely grounded in these things and so busily active with a desire to know and touch the real things of life that it is actually only the background to a growing contact with reality in the child's life. To Hedvig the fancy is all so lightly yet truly real; Gregers distorts it as he tries to press into it his "claim of the ideal" and the self-exaggerated importance in his mission to perform the part of the rescuing dog who will drag this family up from these "miasmas" into light and truth. He finds a heavy ponderous mystery which it is his duty to dredge. Hedvig can truly say: "Whenever I come to realize suddenly—in a flash—what is in there, it always seems to me that the whole room and everything in it should be called 'the depths of the sea.' . . . You know it is only a garret." And when Gregers, looking fixedly at her, answers impressively: "Are you so sure of that?" Hedvig only says, astonished at all this impressiveness of mystery, "That it's a garret?"

One is tempted to stop here and point a wholesome lesson to all those dreamers, self-idealists, who from their own inner complexes exaggerate the facts of life and surround them with such an atmosphere of awful or intoxicating mystery that they do for the child what they have done for themselves, destroy the actual far simpler relation of facts and their rightful emotional background. Such false teachers and guides of childhood, and parents are too commonly among them, would do well to rid their emotional and intellectual atmospheres of these cowardly and self-indulgent defenses which they have set up against facts. They may learn from the child's greater simplicity and directness of seizing both fact and phantasy. They could then give more rational help toward the making of the wholesome relationship between the outer and the inner life. It has been for example the experience of all clear-sighted parents, who simply and unafraid of their own reactions have approached the child with the natural facts of sex life, that the child has accepted them with just such simplicity and absence of the emotional difficulty and disturbance, which the older person's

own complexes might have feared. "Except," in this truer sense, "you become as a little child," you are certainly not fit for the kingdom of parenthood and instructorship.

Prayer, too, the prayer that included the wild duck, is such a simple practical thing with little Hedvig. The sacrifice of the wild fowl, too, which Gregers urges upon her in his morbid confusion of ways and means and inner values in the light of a falsely conceived ideal, comes to her in a saner light. "Yesterday evening, at the moment, I thought there was something so delightful about it; but since I have slept and thought of it again, it somehow doesn't seem worth while." Yet the suffering and pain into which her rude awakening have thrown the child confuse also her view of this and she listens again to Gregers' urging. Not finding herself able to present the shooting of the wild duck convincingly to her grandfather, only learning from him how to do the shooting most effectively, she herself creeps into the garret with the old pistol in her hand to offer up the sacrifice for her father's love. While there she overhears her father's wild and selfish lamentations over her possible want of faith in him, her possible treachery and falseness to him, the blot that she is, with the almost certain suspicion of her other parentage, upon the sunlight of his whole life. She hears also Gregers' equally self-blinded assurances that Hjalmar is to have proof, in a supreme sacrifice, of Hedvig's true love for him, and her father's scornful answer out of the luxury of self-worship and self-pity in which he is indulging: "If I then asked her: Hedwig, are you willing to renounce that life for me? No thank you! You would soon hear what answer I should get." The pistol shot which ends her own life and not that of the duck is his answer.

And even this he is too blind and self-absorbed to read in its truth and for his own release at last from self-deception. Her death will only form one more illusory exercise in self-pity and self-adulation under which he may continue to live. Gregers sees no better way for himself from out this depth of trouble, to which he has precipitated those whom he vainly imagined he was saving, but to go off alone to fulfil the destiny of the thirteenth at table. Through the psychic laws of cause and effect far more than merely the woods "avenge themselves."

Ibsen's aim in his dramatic writing is not to present an ideal solution of problems, in which disorder and pain and destruction melt away into happy solution. That is not life and therefore cannot be the true solution of these same difficulties. Ibsen's truth and

realism do not, however, leave his audience hopeless and disheartened. Strength, redemption, healing lie in the very events and struggles and problems themselves. Ibsen says in a letter to Brandes, "The struggle for liberty is nothing more than the constant active appropriation of the idea of liberty. He who possesses liberty otherwise than as an aspiration possesses it soulless, dead." And this principle may well explain Ibsen's purpose in his dramas. Such a principle alone supports life in the face of the tragedies of misunderstanding, self-blindness and the falling of their victims by the way, as Hedvig fell by her own hand for her father.

It is the psychic something within which is clarified, forwarded, re-impelled not merely to continue living in patient resignation, but far rather to gird up its loins in this great task of living for something better. But this something better is only within itself, within the strife and effort to live and live out creatively through gradually clearer understanding and control of the inner psychic power with which life is lived. Thus the lessons of Ibsen's plays incise themselves into this deepest heart of failure as of success, and direct individual attention and effort to the power and life which lie alone in such living. Here is cure for the sick in entering a life where self-deception is purged away by the very business of living, which is effected truly only by an effort and a direction out toward reality, with which life has to do. It is his aim and message to enable men and women to know themselves that they may know these hindering weaknesses and whence they spring, see them in their destructiveness and turn them to better account. His mirroring of them is not for purposes of ridicule or in cynical bitterness of scorn and complaint. He would rouse each individual to himself, and he would rouse society to dispel its complacent deceits and its deadening formalities that the individual may find and live himself out in the "constant active appropriation of liberty."

Andreas-Salomé⁴ points out this healing tendency in the characters themselves and through them to those to whom the drama of their lives appeals. "Hedvig's dead body," she says, "is not the place where two psychic opposites like Gregers and Hjalmar can join hands in a lasting bond, and yet an inner significance can be attributed to her voluntary death, which contains mediation and reconciliation for that which divides them. It is . . . as if Hedvig would bear witness that to a young, natural and unspoiled being, Gregers' counsel and his demands do not appear as something en-

⁴ *L. c.*, p. 74 ff.

tirely strange and impossible of fulfilment, that he is capable of being received not merely as a hard creditor but also, in a more exalted sense, as a joyous messenger; that it may be life first with all its entanglements, burdens, deadliness, which slowly breaks power and freshness, renders them stilted and artificial and strangles them. And thousands and thousands of sprouting germs of power must be choked, while in the place of joyous desire for an upward springing appears an indolent longing for comfortable crutches and supports. Yes, this hanging on to comforting, lying illusions themselves, by which humanity holds itself upright, is often nothing else than a distortion and a degeneracy of the same desire, which beyond the commonplaceness and common meaning of things may strive out toward freedom and truth. The protected walking with crutches, rightly considered, is only a broken and crippled attempt at flight.

“If it is so, then there can lie in the distortion and crippling themselves something which holds and moves one like the distortion of a wonderfully beautiful human countenance. Then there rests over Hjalmar, over the powerless man, given over to his weakness and self-deception, an expression which prevents his sinking to a comic figure—an expression which keeps him worthy of pity and sympathy. In the earnest child faith with which Hedvig throughout her young life even up to death, childishly blind, and yet so divinely clear-sighted, holds fast to her father, she lifts him for herself and for us, out of caricature to the human tragic. In this sense Hedvig bears dying testimony for him, and in him for the mediocrity of mankind over against Gregers’ ideal. Close to the harshness of this ideal she places her trustful confidence, she will help rather than condemn. . . . If the ideal claim of truth is embodied in Gregers, Hedvig’s life and death first add this to it, that it is transformed from an abstract dream to a power in human existence. . . . This itself [Gregers’ uncomprising form of the ideal] appears mediated humanly for us. . . .

“In Relling’s victory over the ‘stern believer in the claim of the ideal’ lies also the intimation that an ideal has to prove its inner truth in life and therefore has nothing to fear so much as estrangement from life and contempt for life. In other words, the preacher Gregers, with his unalterable text of the claim of the ideal must first demonstrate that he knows how to become through it a true physician of mankind, instead of an ill-advised originator of evil. Let the medicine be never so costly and the will never so good, it is a menace in the hands of the inexperienced and ignorant, bringing

death instead of life. Relling sees his task in this; without an ideal background or a deep inspiration, he can be that which Gregers cannot . . . a physician to humanity. Relling's poor medicine and his will, still less noble and less directed to higher things, are unable to cure, but simply able to cover over sores and artificially to arouse sinking powers, yet he accomplishes more than Gregers. The latter is only 'the thirteenth at table'—only comes to find himself quite useless."

DETERMINISM, CONDUCT AND FEAR PSYCHOLOGY

BY THEODORE SCHROEDER,

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I have just read Prof. Jennings' article on "Experimental Determinism and Human Conduct."¹ I see determinism in a different light, and will appreciate it if you will allow me to portray a part of my concept.

I approach the problem of determinism from the viewpoint of genetic psychology and in the setting of an evolutionary psychology, as these concepts are being developed upon the disclosures of psychoanalysts and of students of the autonomic system. Of course psychoanalysts represent varying degrees of understanding and have varying points of emphasis. Furthermore, psychoanalytic theory is still in the making and therefore my indiscretions must not be charged to that group as a whole.

It appears from the essay of Prof. Jennings that in their choice of psychologic theory, he and others are influenced by fear. On the one hand I see a desire to conform their psychologic theories and their lives according to an understanding of determinism acquired through experimental psychology. On the other hand, I see a conflicting urge to conform psychologic theory and life to moralistic standards of value, doubtless acquired during youth. The psychoanalyst believes that he understands some of the psychogenic determinants of these conflicting impulses. Whenever that understanding is offered in explanation of some one's choice of theories or conduct, otherwise than in the privacy and regular order of psychoanalytic work, then some one's autonomic system is sure to be disturbed. The opinion that moral theories are important to society, is by many of us believed to arise from a mere necessity for maintaining a semblance of comfort in spite of considerable affective repression. When anyone questions the correctness or utility of such moral theory, he threatens to rob the repressed individuals of their phantasmal comfort. It seems as though one is taking something away and giving nothing in return. So resentment comes into being. This means the existence of emotional resist-

¹ Jour. of Phil., Psych. and Scientific Method, 16, 180-183, March 17, 1919.

ances which tend to prevent a comfortable adjustment to a course of life in harmony with deterministic concepts of life. It also means that there are some underlying suppressed fears belonging to immaturity, but not outgrown, which are still a potent part of the unconscious automatism controlling the action of today. This also determines its inadequately enlightened self-explanation, by moralistic theories. In other words, the subconsciously conditioned conduct of today is functioning at archaic levels of defensive and averted impulse even in the choice of psychologic theory. These fear emotions, thus carried over from the past, are an integral part of the organism's behavior, and so inevitably remain part determinants in the choice of psychologic theory. Thus they are also an inhibiting influence, during any flirtations we may have with the doctrines of determinists, or psychoanalysts.

In the past this fear-psychology generally explained itself in terms of the relative omnipotence of some theologic ideas. Prof. Jennings' fears explain themselves in terms of the relative omnipotence of moral ideas, which it is hoped have been somewhat modified since they were an integral part of the theologic system. However, they seem to function in the same old way, and therefore they persist as a part of him. He appears to be almost as much afraid of losing his delusions about the power of conscience-theory or the theories about "criminal" responsibility, or of the deterrent effect of punishment, as the medieval mind was afraid of losing the supposed beneficence of demonic possession and punishment of witches, or its brimstone hell, as a deterrent of "crime." Many people are now as much afraid of mere bolshevist doctrine as other people were once afraid of the attacks which were made by mere political democrats upon the theory that "criminals" were responsible to the king "as a God upon the earth." All these theories look differently if we have fear-free ability to accept the doctrine of a complete psychologic determinism, and can make fear-free effort to understand the behavior of the cosmic stuff as that is working in each person's autonomic apparatus in conjunction with its immediate environment.

However, we are making progress. Formerly these conflicts compelled the creation of heaven and hell. Our modern enlightenment has reduced the severity of the subjective conflict. Now, for the "worst" offenses, eternal punishment in a lake of fire and brimstone has been reduced to electrocution and shooting. Formerly when some ill-tempered dissenter uttered religious heresy against

our idol of mammon, he was burned at the stake. Recently a bolshevist blasphemer, who uttered a cry for aid for the Russian revolutionists, received only twenty years in jail.² We have really progressed. At this rate of progress it will take some time before humanity will outgrow its subjective necessity for inflicting "rewards and *punishment*." The present influence of college professors in accelerating this growth is not dangerously effective. Perhaps after all Prof. Jennings' fear of this collapse of "rewards and punishment" was not objectively conditioned.

When one's concept of determinism is uninfluenced by the fear-psychology of emotionally unsolved problems, and such a relatively fear-free person has integrated into his autonomic-reaction system a large understanding of the relations and behavior of things, including human animals, then one is also quite unafraid of discovering, or being, or of acknowledging just whatever kind of an animal one in fact happens to be. Fear and vanity are but different aspects of the same condition of emotional conflict. When the fear arising from emotional conflict is gone, one is also so far free from its part-determining influence in the automatic regulations of conduct and of self-explanatory theory and self-defensive morality. That is to say: with such a deterministic concept, free from the conflicting subconscious influence of unsolved emotional problems a person will comfortably ignore the unstandardized emotional and "moral" valuations. These became important during immaturity, largely because of the great affect-value of the juvenile erotic conflict from which they arise, as the only known defense for one aspect of the conflict. Without having outgrown that conflict itself, the individual tends to cling to his "moralities" because these still seem to neutralize the distress of the affective repressions of the autonomic system. For those who think they need that sort of thing I should think that it's just the sort of thing which their thinking needs. But the organism itself may need another kind of relief.

There was a time when the human animal found it necessary to pass its moral judgments upon the non-human animal. The doctrine of free will and responsibility was part of God's plan and could not be ignored. The tribunals of human animals sat in

² See, *Sentenced to Twenty Years in Prison*. New York Political Prisoner's Defense and Relief Com., 1919. The essence of this crime was: "The Russian Revolution Calls to the Workers of the World for Help." See also my *Free Speech for Radicals*, Enl. Ed., for similar manifestations of hysterical fears.

solemn judgment upon the conduct of non-human animals,³ and pronounced their stern death sentences probably with the same feverish excitement, suppressed into the same austere formality, which we now attach to the conviction of an I. W. W. agitator. Neither beasts nor men are less "moral" because of the part disappearance of capital punishment of animals or man. They still are just what they are compelled to be.

Those who first proposed to treat even the extremely abnormal human "criminal" as irresponsible, were opposed by the same fear-psychology as that evinced by Prof. Jennings. Both fears are justified in substantially the same manner. Outgrowing predestination and foreordination, together with the demonic-possession explanations of "crime" has made it possible to remove a few "criminals" beyond the reach of "moral" vengeance, by placing them in asylums. This has brought none of the predicted catastrophies. I do not fear the enlargement of the class of recognized irresponsibles. I would even exclude Prof. Jennings from moral responsibility for his fear of outgrowing his present "moral" concepts.

The fear of social ills as a result of discouraging social vengeance is not founded in observed facts. Practically all anti-social conduct is but an inefficient adjustment to the realities. This inefficiency is mainly conditioned by exaggerated fears. Increasing this fear of social vengeance increases the morbidity. That is why punishment fails to deter those who are most prone to anti-social behavior. This is shown quite conclusively by the fact that as high as 65 to 90 per cent. of convicts are known to become second offenders. It is further shown in the minor anti-social attitudes of the hystericals. The therapeutic measures of the psychoanalysts is largely a matter of ridding the patient of the moralistic fears of vengeance, against which the patients ignorantly seeks protection by more anti-social behavior. This "crime" producing fear is the condition which other fearful persons like Prof. Jennings impose from without, and their own fears compel them to invent a "deterrent" as a justification.

Dr. Bernard Glueck and others, working in psychiatric prison clinics, show us that about 60 per cent. of those whom our "most learned judges" sentence as "criminals" are in fact insane or defectives according to present psychologic standards of judgment, such as even Prof. Jennings would probably approve. Personally

³ See *The Criminal Prosecution and Punishment of Animals*, by E. P. Evans. New York, Dutton & Co., 1906.

I am not afraid to act as though this 60 per cent. of convicts were also irresponsible and to be placed beyond the reach of social vengeance, even though that vengeance is disguised under the soft sounding necessity for "moral rewards and punishment." Nor am I afraid to give a sympathetic understanding to the remaining 40 per cent. of convicts, who are labeled "normal" according to present psychiatric and psychometric standards of judgments. These standards are only partly founded upon genetic understanding. In large measure these standards and decisions are still influenced by antiquated theories, founded in a moralistic compulsion to classify the human race as all being either possessed of God or possessed by the devil; as being either absolutely black or absolutely white. I am inclined to believe that this 40 per cent. of convicts can be understood and explained as we now understand and explain the hystericals. If intelligent, we no longer increase their fears by threat of social vengeance, when we come to see with the psychoanalysts that these artificial, and therefore emotionally exaggerated fears are the most efficient means of promoting anti-social behavior. Then we do indeed see that the desire to punish like the other anti-social conduct of these "criminals" is only a different product of fear-psychology, of immature emotional attitudes toward life. So then we give even this last 40 per cent. of convicts and those fearful "experimental determinists" who wish to punish them, a sympathetic understanding and endeavor to replace social vengeance by an intelligent reconditioning of the desires of both the punisher and the punished, so that both will automatically function on a more mature level of desires, of understanding and of mental processes. I would not even exclude from that sympathetic understanding, those numerous psychoanalysts who have not yet found their way wholly out of the wilderness of "morality."⁴

I am a lawyer and know only a small part of the 40,000 laws regulative of conduct in New York City, N. Y., U. S. A. If in New York any adults think themselves not of the "criminal class" I can only explain such delusions by their failure to coördinate all penal regulations with the whole of their conduct. Personally I have committed thousands of punishable offenses without danger of punishment or of social rewards. Hereby I am not admitting that I am less anti-social than others. I believe that I have given

⁴ Putnam, James J., Elements of strength and elements of weakness in psychoanalytic doctrines. *PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW*, 6 (no. 2) : 117-23; April, 1919.

up more of the conventional satisfactions than any one I know of, in order to make this world a better place to live in. The few times when I came near arrest, was while I rendered the best social service I am capable of, by promoting intellectual hospitality. Judges and policemen are still too obsessed by their infantile fears to understand a man who could be devoted to freedom of speech.

Prof. Jennings seems as fearful of losing the popular valuation of conscience as a medieval monk was fearful of losing his personal God. I confess a little disappointment at finding one who claims to be any kind of a determinist yet justifying his fear by giving conscience-thoughts and other conscienceless thoughts a potency all their own. Of course I knew of Christian Scientists who believe in the omnipotence of ideas and who label the disapproved idea as "malicious animal magnetism," and are as much afraid of it as some children are afraid of a strange large animal. I also know that such extreme mystics as Mulford, Atkinson and Walker, have each written a book to prove to us materially minded determinists, that "Thoughts are Things." But I was inadequately prepared to have an "experimental determinist" so overcome by his subconscious fear that he must limit or regret belief in determinism, or in its logical consequences, because he fears to lose the power and social value of moral abstractions. When we have outgrown the emotional conflict, its fears, and its urge which impels us unconsciously toward the mystics formula that thoughts are things, then we have acquired one of the "conditions" of preparedness (to wit: open-mindedness) for the views of Dr. Kempf (clinical psychiatrist of the Government Hospital for the Insane). He says: "It is no more possible to wipe out a well concatenated system of reflexes, of such potency as the erotogenic, by an ideal or moral criticism than for a Christian Science healer to evaporate the appendix with local applications of faith and new thought."⁵

Indeed the concept is an important factor in psychoanalytic therapeutics. Furthermore, the efficiency of the analyst with some classes of subjects depends very largely upon how much of the detailed understanding he incorporates into the concept symbolized by the quoted words. Another factor of this efficiency is dependent upon how thoroughly he has integrated this super-moral concept into his personality toward the state of development in which the autonomic function reacts in harmony with that understanding, as a very part of its unconscious automatism. Those who care for a

⁵ PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW, 4, 128.

picture of that kind of determinism in action should read Dr. Edward J. Kempf's: "The Autonomic Functions and the Personality."^{5a} There some will get a view of psychobiologic determinism with the old distinction of mind and body quite thoroughly eliminated.

What then is the place or use of ideas in such a scheme of determinism? Here is where my concept of evolutionary psychology comes into play. From this point of view we have little concern for the creeds or conscience which a person may profess or otherwise manifest. The psychoanalyst has seen too many well-sounding creeds and fine-looking consciences in fashionably garbed moralities, all chosen and most fervently and ostentatiously proclaimed in obedience to a morbid emotional conflict. We know that whatever may be the professed creed or the conscientious conduct, or whatever may be the fervency with which these are maintained, they are merely tools by which the autonomic system accomplishes its ends, very few of which (in their subjective aspects) ever enter consciousness. Observation of the behavior of humans, acting under the influence of emotional conflicts, has made it clear to most psychoanalysts that the more fervently one professes attachment to an ideal the stronger is his temptation to violate it. His ideal is but the intellectualization of that aspect of his conflict which he wishes the world to see, and the ideal seems useful to him only because it tends to neutralize his fear by concealing the other aspect of his conflicting impulses. It is this psychoanalytic⁶ insight into the behavior of the emotions impelling to the choice of creeds and ideals that compels some of us to discredit them utterly as determinants of conduct.

It is socially useless to study neurology and psychiatry if one's emotional conflict (of inferiority-grandeur) is so morbid that the resultant defensive (or compensatory) moral vanity inhibits the expert from treating the insane as sick persons. Likewise experimental psychology does not lead to character maturing if the psychologic understanding does not check those childhood's defensive reactions which are still functioning with a deluding "moral" valuation. The psychoanalyst functioning on the level of a small vision,

^{5a} Nerv. and Ment. Dis. Monog. Se. No. 28.

⁶ For an enlarged but dogmatic statement of this behavior of the conflict see: *Matricide and Maryolatry*; *Medico-Legal Journal*, 36 (No. 1): 4-10. For case of sado-masochist conflict see *Wildisbuch Crucified Saint*, *PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW*, I (No. 2), 129-148. Here, however, the theoretic explanation of facts recited exhibits my inadequate understanding of that time.

or under the compulsion of hurry, may be content to relieve artificial fears by suggestions which induce the patient to live nearer to the conventional moralities. This can be accomplished almost as well by the hypnotist or Christian Scientist and in some cases it relieves the tension sufficiently to insure better social adjustments. Where a present objective problem is an immediate and chief cause of the emotional disturbance then even permanent good may come from such superficial treatment. However, oftentimes the inability (without expert assistance) to find a solution of the present objective problem is due to antecedent emotional conflict, remote in origin and often quite successfully crowded into the unconscious. At other times only one aspect of the conflict has been excluded from consciousness and the other aspect has been long intellectualized into an obsessively persistent moralistic creed. Under such circumstances the superficial treatment above referred to will be of little use. Now there must be a more thorough understanding of genetic psychology and of the mental mechanism of sublimation. The false sublimations sometimes suggested by psychoanalysts and others, who still flounder in the bogs of conventional or unconventional moralities, cannot aid the afflicted one to a solution of the problem on a level of understanding above that of moralistic contention. Nothing short of the post-morality state of development can ever be a true and complete sublimation, or solution of a subjective conflict.

Instead of thinking that we know the real character of a person by his profession of creed, a real determinist will treat it as a mere symptom from which (with other data) we seek to discover at what evolutionary level his choice of creed or conscience was conditioned. Here we have in mind an evolutionary scaling of the psychologic aspect of desires, of mental process, and of the understanding of the relations and behavior among things (including the organism called man) in so far as these are integrated as an affective part-determinant of his choices. If Prof. Jennings' fear-attachment to his moralities had been less potent he might not have been precluded from the discovery of an evolutionary concept of the psyche which would have made his "morality" seem to be a mere delusional tool of the childhood psyche. Developed out of the antecedent fears this concept would give him comfort. If we have an evolutionary concept of these aspects of the psychic life and if we have outgrown our childhood and pubescent moral-emotional conflicts, we are not afraid even of the word "fatalism," or any other

label that others have pleasure in applying. We live in comfortable relations with our environment because we understand ourselves psychogenetically and understand much of the environment, without having any emotional attitudes toward it. Consequently we are quite void of anxiety about our adjustments to it. This means that we are expending our energies in efficient and satisfying self-expression. We live for that particular kind of character development in ourselves and in others, and for nothing else. Now we see the progress of the race dependent, not upon formulæ, creeds, morals, churches or political institutions, but upon democratic and democratizing character-evolution in the mass of humanity, and this according to an evolutionary concept of the psyche, which I cannot here take the space to formulate. Efficient living in harmony with such a concept of psychic determinism is quite enough to justify life.

..

The quality of our moral judgments and valuations, is conditioned upon the quality of our past or present moral conflicts. Our emphasis on the importance of moral values is conditioned upon the intensity of our past or present moral conflicts. It is the different objective contributions to the conflict and in the different degrees of the associated emotional intensity that we find the important determinants for differences of character. In its pathologic development we see the inefficiency of some extreme victims of multiple personality. In its more usual form it may only leave an "experimental determinist" afraid of his determinism, because by subconsciously active determinants, he is inhibited from giving up his "moral" values. Because unacquainted with the psychogenetics of this inhibition, such a person, like the Christian Scientist, is compelled to assert that "thought determines action." If he understood the psychogenetics which compelled his choice of thought he might even change his thought about the potency of thought. I suggest that Prof. Jennings submit himself to personal psychoanalysis by some analyst sufficiently free from conflicts to have outgrown moral judgments.

For some of us who have gone through the psychoanalytic process to acquire self-understanding, abstract thoughts as such have lost their potency. For us thoughts never determine action, but are determined as our action is determined, by the push of the autonomic system. This is operating only partly under the specific determining stimuli from without, and mostly from the affect complexes of the past, working from within. Ethical abstractions are

only the expression of defensive self-explanation, self-justification, or mode of apology.

Even a thorough understanding of the concrete behavior of things is often as impotent as ethical abstractions and ideals. Look at the habitual drunkard with temperance ideals, who knows all the ills of excessive drinking; the gourmand who knows the ills of excessive eating; the drug-habitue who knows the final agony of persisting in his habit; the professional purist who knows his secret excessive lasciviousness; the millionaire, who knows his secret fear of poverty or starvation; the philanthropist who knows his hatred of the welfare aspirations of the proletarian bolshevist. All these may know the facts of their own life which contradict their understanding and discredit their impotent thinking. Yet psychologically these are not essentially unlike Prof. Jennings. He too thinks thoughts that he cannot live up to, determinism for example. Intellectually, he is a determinist, even as intellectually the purist is sexless. In both cases the autonomic system has its way in spite of beliefs that "thoughts determine action." Prof. Jennings confessedly cannot give up the satisfaction of his "moral" judgments at the behest of his understanding of determinism, any more than the professional purist can give up the secret satisfaction of his physical or psychic sensualism. Our understanding becomes an effective determinant of conduct only in so far as it is efficiently integrated with our affective life to make it an integral part of our autonomic function.

If Prof. Jennings' abstract generalizations about determinism do not control his concrete behavior toward "crime" and "criminals," as admittedly it does not, then whence comes his conviction that thought controls action? The psychoanalyst might attempt a deterministic explanation based upon considerable observation. The professor's convictions but answer to a need for maintaining with comfort some affective repressions. I forego details to minimize the emotional effect of this criticism. Prof. Jennings' conflicts will probably impel him to split his theory of determinism into two theories and then place them in different, verbally independent, air-tight and water-tight compartments, as if then they were no longer mere different aspects of himself.

In this universe of eternal flux we leave professional philosophers to quarrel about the meaning of words and about theoretic distinctions among inseparable entities, which distinctions seem to have meanings only so long as our conflicts compel us to disas-

sociate them from things in the process of behaving. In another stage of development we concern ourselves only with trying to secure a larger understanding of that behavior. Thus some of us are compelled to see an evolving determinism, in which universal flux our own infinitesimal self is also in process of evolution, is itself a minute evolving determinant; that is, an ever changing interacting factor in an everchanging universe. At this stage of evolution, we are not even afraid of losing our feeling of responsibility for making effort or taking thought of or for the tomorrow. We will make such effort as we must whether we consciously think "effort" or not. We are concerned to face the fact as to whether or not that feeling exists, and if so why and how that energy is behaving as it does, or how and why so conditioned when we feel thus or otherwise. What philosophers think about it is of little importance, because thoughts are not things, even though they are the thoughts of philosophers. If there are those who think they need such theories, to supply neutralizing explanations for their fear-psychology, then we would think that that was just the sort of theory they need.

Our infinitesimal contribution toward consciously directing the evolutionary course of the universe is almost too unimportant to be material. In this stage of development we desire little more than to make the most intelligent adjustment to the understandable part of our environment. Those whose feelings are in actual harmony with a large understanding of the relations and behavior among things and humans, will probably be impelled to act as though the best interhuman adjustment could be achieved as more and more humans outgrow their childhood emotional conflicts between "morals" and objective reality, and as they approach nearer to a mutuality of understanding. Again this latter is possible only in so far as we bring to our effort at mutual interpretation an approximate equality of understanding as to the relations and behavior among things. So some of us are compelled to act (and compelled to believe) that we can best serve the comfort of our own autonomic apparatus by acquiring and using a maximum of intelligence to promote democracy in education, and education consciously so conditioned as to accelerate the democratization of labor and of welfare. Having outgrown the fear-psychology of infancy and adolescence, we are not even afraid of this kind of democratization.

So we live our deterministic lives just as all other things and humans live theirs, that is: as we must. Perhaps some have in

consciousness a trifling larger understanding of the behavior of psycho-biologic factors that enter into human determinants. If in addition we are relatively free from emotional disturbances then our psycho-genetic understanding (without the aid of our "free will") is integrated as a part of our unified personality and it has probably (and if so inevitably) modified our characters. Anyway, by some such process, some of us determinists are wholly reconciled to the loss of our "morality" through the acquisition of a larger understanding. We have outgrown "moral" judgments for evolutionary classifications of desire and of mental processes. We hold no one "morally" responsible and hope soon social vengeance will disappear. For jails we would substitute hospitals and schools. The hangmen we would replace by psychoanalysts, psychiatrists and educators. For the culture of our schools we would substitute a knowledge of the relations and behavior among things; we ask no rewards and hope only for coöperation. We discountenance punishment, so fear none. If we understand the behavior of the determinants of yesterday and are so free from emotional conflicts that this understanding operates to recondition our desires of today, then the inevitable of tomorrow's human nature and status may be something a little bit different and more comfortable, than was the inevitable of day before yesterday. Thus the joy of efficient (intelligent) self-expression is sometimes increased by the added pleasure of conscious power to improve human conditions and relations. Yet all is determined by the infinite undersigned flux of the universe.

THE MECHANISM OF SEXUAL DEVIATION

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

OF LONDON

(Continued from page 267)

At the same time it must be realized that this manifestation of the orgasm, although occurring under abnormal conditions, yet marked a real stage in the progress towards normality. On previous occasions she had frequently whipped herself until exhausted, yet never produced orgasm. But after this incident, on one occasion, when the flagellatory obsession was abating, and she had not whipped herself for some months, there was a temporary recurrence of the old longing and she applied the riding whip one morning. For the first time in her experience this application produced definite sexual feelings followed by orgasm, though not of the intensity reached in the experiences just described. It must be added that, although Florrie had never experienced the orgasm in connection with the anus or any other region before the occasion described, she had at a somewhat earlier date experienced a slightly sexual feeling on the insertion of an enema nozzle, and had afterwards tried this as an experiment, thus producing a distinctly sexual sensation by pushing it in and out, a more distinctly sexual sensation, she remarked, than that produced by the insertion of a vaginal syringe. Another incident may be mentioned, in connection with an increasing sexual sensibility of the vulva region, to indicate Florrie's slow approach towards the normal state. Sometimes, especially in the morning, as the obsession of whipping became of ever rarer appearance, she would now feel an intense longing, especially in the morning, to rub herself against something. This troubled her, though she recognized that it was a substitute for the desire to whip herself, but as it persisted she tried to relieve it, at first by riding astride a bedstead, a pillow, or other object. Then by much thinking she spontaneously devised the idea of a round india rubber ball to secure the desired end; she obtained one, rather larger than an egg but round, and stuffed it into the vulva, finding that it produced contractions at once, with much wetness, and a very soothing

effect. "I felt pacified, like a baby that is given a teat to suck! It stuck in of itself, and when I walked upstairs produced a lovely soothing sensation, but I only allowed it to remain about ten minutes, as it caused so much wetness, and I had my doubts as to whether I was doing a very nice or proper thing. I am not in the habit of doing such things to myself, but on this occasion I was mad to relieve the longing."

About two months after Florrie had for the first time experienced the orgasm there occurred her first real erotic dream, with orgasm during sleep.⁵ "It came to me just as I was going off to sleep (after having already been asleep once) and I was not sure at first whether I was awake or asleep. I lay face downwards on grass somewhere and a snake coiled itself round and round my naked body, and as it closed round me and drew me tight I had a delicious sensation. I knew it was a friendly snake and that it wanted to be nice to me, and I liked it in consequence. It is not now clear to me whether there were not two snakes, but I distinctly remember seeing one in a man's hand. He put it down between my legs, and it crawled up with a somewhat jerky movement, and I was not surprised at all when I felt it entering my body. Instead of horror it gave me a lovely sensation, and the part that was outside I clasped between my thighs. It seemed to occupy a great space inside me, but I dreaded the moment when it would withdraw itself, and was just wondering what would finally happen when I suddenly awoke. I tried to cherish the illusion that the snake was there, but finally awoke properly and realized that one arm was fastened under my body and tightly clasped between my thighs. The vulva was contracting spasmodically. There was no revulsion of feeling, but the thought of the wriggling, writhing thing working its way up inside me gave me a delicious sensation. It was a long time before I shook it off. Now writing this and thinking of snakes I still feel no horror. But I hope I shan't see one at a Picture House or anywhere for I am afraid it would excite me. This was the most definite sex dream I ever had and was simply luscious." Florrie comments that she cannot remember dreaming of snakes previously, but had been reading of snakes the day before.

⁵ I may remark that this succession of events is in accordance with what I have elsewhere stated (*Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Vol. I, 3d ed., p. 197) that it is the rule for women to experience the orgasm in sleep only after it has been experienced in waking life, a statement which has been criticized on insufficient grounds.

She had seen snakes in the woods in France and their flexibility and writhing movement have a fascination for her. She connects this flexibility with her old preference for a pliable whip over a stick. "A snake is something like a whip,"⁶ and to picture a writhing snake makes a sexual appeal to her. The snake, it need scarcely be said, is a recognized symbol of the penis, but it has a greater resemblance to a whip, and thus naturally became identified in Florrie's subconscious mind with her own erotic symbol.

In this tentative and experimental period of transition there was, however, an interest which began to assume a certain stability, and became, in a sense, a substitute for the interest in whipping. This was an interest in the act of urination. It was not, as Florrie's history will have shown, a new interest, but one of early appearance, which had never quite died out, and now, with the recession of the interest in whipping, it became prominent. It may be defined as a mild form of urolagnia, and it is important to understand that it never became, as the passion for flagellation had been, an almost uncontrollable obsession, and never led, like the flagellatory mania, to those violent impulses and torturing apprehensions which had marked her auto-flagellatory phase. As Florrie herself recognized, while of a more peculiarly intimate and private character, it was also more nearly normal than the flagellatory obsession; it brought a certain measure of relief, and it indicated a real progress.

Before describing this new phase, however, an incident must be narrated which definitely brought to an end the dominance of the earlier craving. Whipping had not lost all its fascination, but it had ceased to be an uncontrollable obsession dominating the whole personality, and leading to acts which might well have become dangerous for Florrie's mental integrity as well as her social position. She was able to write: "The whipping craze seems to have evaporated for the present after raging for four years, and I suppose I ought to be glad. I don't know that I am exactly. I miss it in a way. It has left me as sexy as ever but in a vague and more general way." The reality of the progress made was, however, at this period put to the test. At the moment when she thought the obsession was subsiding altogether a letter unexpectedly arrived from N., full of enthusiasm over flagellation, the craze for which possessed him more than ever, and indicating that he had never met

⁶ The snake is, indeed, a symbol of the whip, and of the ancient Serb hero, Prince Kralyevich Marko, it was said that, when mounted on his steed, a serpent served him as bridle and another as a whip.

anyone so well suited to share in that enthusiasm as herself. At once the dying flame flared up into new life. She felt ashamed of herself, she tried to escape from the reviving ardor, but in vain. He wanted another interview. She had no liking for the man, even hated the idea of his coming near her, or touching her with a whip. Yet for a moment the impulse was overmastering, and she wrote to agree to the interview, which this time was to be at her own house. The moment after she posted her letter she regretted it. She recalled all the progress she had made of late, the new stand-points of knowledge and self-control she had been reaching, her realization of the merely abstract, primitive, and animal nature of a sexual gratification obtained through whipping, however intense and pleasurable it might be, and her new recognition of sex feelings as too intimate and personal to be connected with anyone for whom she felt no love and respect. Florrie thus speedily recovered her self-command, revoked her first hasty decision, and wrote again to N. to explain that she could not, after all, grant him the interview, and no longer even desired it; so far as she was concerned all that was at an end. As soon as this second letter was despatched the revived obsession died down as suddenly as it had sprung up. This was a tremendous relief to Florrie. She felt genuinely grateful and glad. That, she thought, was the end of N. So far as her obsession was concerned, that was the end of N. But it was not the immediate end on his side. On the day and hour first appointed and afterwards cancelled, N. appeared at the house to Florrie's consternation. She explained that she had written to ask him not to come. He denied receiving the second letter (though later he inadvertently quoted a sentence from it) and still further agitated Florrie by raising his voice in excitement and demanding that at all events she should appoint another interview. At this point an afternoon caller was heard ringing the front door bell, and it became necessary to smuggle N. out of the drawing room immediately. He refused to leave the house. At this critical moment Florrie's feminine resourcefulness and presence of mind asserted themselves. She remembered an isolated, unused room at the top of the house, cut off by a separate stair-case, and to her great relief N. consented to follow her there. There she locked him in, after he had nervously asked her to assure him that he was safe. When her visitor in the drawing room had finished her call Florrie at once flew up to the locked room where she found N. in a rather frightened state, she was not clear why, and after some difficulty, still refusing to

agree to any further interviews,—though she was by no means feeling very brave—she succeeded in cajoling him down and let him out through a back door in the garden. That was the last she saw or heard of him. His fascination was completely lost. He had succeeded in making himself both contemptible and ridiculous.

The urolagnic interest, like the flagellatory interest, was, as we know, rooted in Florrie's experience as a child when the two were in origin combined. The emotional reservoir, so clearly associated with the sexual sphere, which her childish whippings stimulated, was that of fear, and the bladder played the most prominent part in the fear reaction, on one occasion at least producing urination directly her father began to whip her. But that early common root will hardly suffice to explain why it was that the urolagnic element developed at this stage to take the place of the receding flagellatory element. Let us look into the matter a little more closely. We may then find that there are links of connection apart from that early common origin.

Florrie herself, who became so acute an analyst of her own experiences, pointed out the significant fact that in a woman there is invariably a mental association,—an association which has no existence in a man's mind,—between the nates and the act of urination. The little girl's drawers must be unfastened behind to permit of the act being accomplished and the grown woman must raise her clothes behind for the same act; even when, as is now so often the custom, she adopts the standing attitude in private, she usually raises the clothes behind, though, as the stream tends to take a forward direction, it would be more convenient to raise them in front. Thus, throughout life, in a woman's mind there is an association between urination and bared prominent nates. Custom, as Florrie emphasizes, compels a woman to bare and protrude the nates and sit for the purpose of urination, and when there is nothing to sit upon to squat, although, she adds, "as far as decency goes, it might be much more modest to turn one's back to any stray passer-by, and raise the skirts in front, towards a protective bush; but this would be contrary to habit—and savour of a man!" Even when, as we have seen to be the case with Florrie, the practice of urination in the open without raising of the skirts is adopted, the prominence of the nates may still be asserted, for, as Florrie discovered, the act is best performed in this attitude when bending forward slightly and so protruding the nates. She had noticed this in women abroad and referred especially to a peasant woman she had

once come across, with her skirts raised over her head, wearing no drawers, and bending far forward. "She was standing at the wayside and might have been picking flowers by the attitude, but for the upturned clothes, and the perfectly visible stream that descended with great force, splashing up and running off the grass to make a rivulet in the road." Florrie notes also having seen an exactly similar scene in a French engraving of the early eighteenth century. But this attitude is not only practically advantageous, it was also, in Florrie's experience, in itself a pleasant attitude, evidently because of the prominence it gave to the nates. "I remember many years ago trying it for the first time," she writes. "I was out with a party for a picnic and was too shy to suggest retiring, so it occurred to me that I might do it unnoticed if I pretended to pick flowers. I managed fairly well but splashed my dress in front. Unfortunately it showed, and I had to pretend I had got into some water in a ditch, and was fearfully embarrassed. But I remember distinctly that it gave me such a pleasurable feeling to do it stooping forward, much nicer than standing upright,—a more sexy sensation. I don't know how to explain this unless it is somehow vaguely and unconsciously connected with the bottom. I don't know how it may be with others."

There was, however, another favoring influence in this change of interest in Florrie's mind. The urolagnic day-dreams—although the urination interest and the whipping interest had become apparently separated in her ideas for so many years during which the former had considerably receded—followed closely, so far as her recollections can be trusted, on the flagellatory day-dreams, at the time when she had clearly realized that these latter were sexual. But the latter prevailed not only by their elements of fear, anger, love of force, and desire for pain, but also by their appeal to touch. In urination she missed this sense of touch. It is probable, as she herself believes, that the urolagnic interest would not have become in any sense a substitute for the flagellatory interest if she had not accidentally discovered a mode of considerably heightening her delight in it by introducing the sensation of touch. She had not been in the habit of touching herself except with the whip, and such experiments as she had made in that direction by friction of the clitoris had yielded little result. She was therefore considerably surprised when on first making the experiment of allowing the stream in the act of urinating to gush over her hand she experienced not only a warm and pleasant sensation, but a decidedly sexual feel-

ing, still further heightened if during the act the urethra or vulva was touched, although at other times such a touch would be without effect. This seemed to explain to her why it was she had long vaguely felt how nice it would be for someone to touch her there just as she was about to begin, especially "when the bladder is full and just dying to do a stream."

This experiment was prompted by the idea of trying to realize the sensation of someone else urinating upon her, an idea which she was now craving to realize as she had formerly craved to realize the idea of being whipped by a man. As it proved so successful, a new and powerful impulse was given to urolagnic day-dreams. On these lines Florrie's day-dreams now advanced rapidly. At the outset, as she herself remarked, the mere idea of urinating before a person of the other sex itself seems shocking, even to be discovered in the squatting position in a wood seems terrible. But the fascination of the situation grows ever more urgent, and ever bolder attitudes and situations are pictured in imagination, to be further elaborated under the stimulus of the delicious sensations they arouse. In the conflict between shrinking modesty and reserve on the one hand, and these daring imaginations, the urolagnic impulse produced the same fascination of horror which accompanied the auto-flagellatory day-dreams.

There is yet another point to be mentioned in regard to this transformation of Florrie's phantasies, important as bringing out more clearly the fact that the transformation represented a real stage of progress towards the normal condition in other respects than in its greater harmlessness. It was more definitely heterosexual and more intimately personal. This also Florrie herself perceived and recognized as a new and additional attraction. In urolagnic phantasies she was able to realize a close and more intimate relationship with the hero of the day-dream than was possible by whipping. "I felt instinctively that more would depend on the man himself. One could be more indifferent to a man who used a whip than to a man who urinated on one."

Florrie added some remarks on what seemed to her the natural connection between urination and the sexual emotions, a connection often overlooked. "Even day-dreams always make me want to urinate, as well as being with one of the opposite sex I like, though I might not have the slightest inclination before. I don't know of course what others feel about it, for I have never heard, but I think most people vaguely feel that they would like more than

they think they ought to say. When, as sometimes happens, a girl imagines in her ignorance that the sexual act consists in a man urinating on her, and this fancy persists in after life when she knows better, as a special liking, then I affirm that it is not entirely liked as a symbol only. Of course it is a form of erotic symbolism, and might disappear with the experience of normal coitus, just like the desire to be whipped, for the love of 'substitutes' is strengthened in those who are debarred from natural relationships. But for my part I think it a natural liking, intimately connected with the sexual feelings, and it seems chiefly prejudice which makes some people think otherwise."

With regard to the hero of Florrie's day-dreams, it may be remarked here that he was not a real person, but vague and imaginary. This was invariably the case in all her earlier periods of phantasy, and usually but not quite invariably in the later stages. This was a natural progression. Children do not normally weave their phantasies round real persons; they make them up, create them. Florrie's day-dreams in childhood and adolescence were a continuation of infantile phantasies, and they showed therefore the same normal absence of real persons. But in adult life, when the day-dreams again emerged, the preservation of this anonymity of the hero was more deliberate. Although the charm of the day-dreams lay largely in the emotional relief furnished by their shocking audacity, modesty and reserve yet prevented her from going so far as to take the liberty of introducing a real person into the hero part. "I can never get over the feeling," she writes, "that it seems like taking an unpardonable liberty with a real person to make him play a part like that. Day-dreams are such tremendously *real* things, that it seems even greater sacrilege than if it happened in real life. A moral embarrassment, probably far greater than in actual life, seizes me, and I *dare* not make another act as I should wish. It may be because my life has been lived so much among thoughts and intellectual ideas generally (or perhaps it is my 'psychoneurosis'!) that they take such a startling reality. I argue with myself that it can't possibly hurt the Person, especially as he will never know, and mightn't care even if he did, and that after all it is only a creation of my brain. Yet the fact remains I deny myself many nice day-dreams that would bring relief because I have this strange moral objection to involving another. Once or twice, I admit with shame, I have made delightful use of a real person in a rare day-dream, but awful qualms of repentance have followed. Yet it is a

great relief, greater than the Abstract, so much more deliciously real. In my case, it could never be an absolute stranger I had casually seen, as in a railway train; that seems to me not only appalling impudence, but makes no appeal. It must be someone I know, like and respect and secretly adore." What real person was introduced into the part on these rare occasions Florrie never mentioned and was never asked. It must be added, however, that her scrupulosity in this matter—unreasonable as it may seem—was entirely normal. As the purely imaginary day-dreams of the infantile stage take on a more adult form they fall more and more into line with real life. That is an approximation to the normal. But it is also normal that precisely because the day-dreams are thus brought close to real life there should be the same scruple as real life would bring of abusing the personality of another. This is strongly felt by entirely normal and healthy women (men are probably often less scrupulous) who if they are betrayed into an erotic day-dream concerning a real person will often experience deep shame.⁷

Before, however, proceeding to describe Florrie's urolagnic day-dreams we may at this point touch on her nocturnal dreams during sleep. It may perhaps seem that this should have been done at an earlier stage. Florrie is not, however, a vivid dreamer; she herself remarks that all her powers of dreaming have been absorbed in day-dreaming. Except the dream already recorded, she has never had any sexual dream, and she has never dreamt of whipping. The matters that most absorb her attention during waking activity fail to enter her dreams (it is the experience of many); they are mostly made up of the trivialities of the previous day, mingled with reminiscences of people and incidents belonging to school life and the period before marriage. It seems probable that she dreams

⁷ In this and many other respects Florrie was more normal than Zenia X. (whose history is indirectly recorded in the *PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW*, October, 1914). In many points, even of detail, Zenia X. and Florrie whose day-dreams began in each case at the age of nine, are alike. But whereas Florrie, who never saw the slightest objection to the pleasure of actual urination in a wood, felt very scrupulous about introducing a real person into a day-dream, Zenia regarded urination in a wood as a sexual temptation to be strongly resisted, but saw not the slightest objection to the introduction into her phantasies of real persons towards whom her affections went out. In other words, the moral censure was in Florrie's case on the imaginary world, not on the actual world, in Zenia's case on the actual world, not on the imaginary world, and that means a deeper degree of abnormality, since the energies shut out from the real world furnish a mischievous potency in the unreal world.

more often than she believes, but her dreams are pale and fade on waking if no effort is made to retain them. They usually occur about the period of menstruation.

She was requested to observe them and note them down carefully on waking. The significant fact was thus disclosed that though she had no dreams of whipping, her more vivid dreams, though not urolagnic, were symbolic of urination, and this was the case even when she had not herself realized it, though she had discovered the influence of a full bladder on dream activity. A few examples may be given, though it can scarcely be said that Florrie's dreams throw any special light upon her history, beyond confirming what was already clear, and they belong to easily recognizable types.

"Just before the last menstrual period and when the bladder seemed more full than usual (I seem to urinate more often then) I had the following dream. I was in a church. This dream has come to me before; but this time it was an English church and there were rows of pews well filled. I wanted to get out, and finally found myself walking up the aisle; everyone stared and looked reprovingly at me, but I pressed on and passed through a south door to find myself in some cloisters. There a foreign guide came up and assured me in a confidential way that he could show me the way (I was quite vague as to my ultimate destination, but I seemed to be hurrying *somewhere*). He pointed out that I could pass through the rooms of the Picture Gallery and come out at the other end. 'No one will stop you and you will be unobserved.' I hurried through deserted rooms with polished floors, and walls lined with old masters. But I did not stop to look at any. I was pressing on eagerly to the exit.

"Then I came to a door, and pushing it open found to my horror that I was in a room occupied by two librarians seated at a table writing among books. Their faces were quite unfamiliar. I apologized and beat a hasty retreat, but was called back. They said they wanted my opinion about a new book. I was seized with fearful panic, for I wanted to get to the exit, and was being hindered. Hastily and abruptly I pushed through a door I saw opposite, and was once more in galleries and corridors. Oddly enough—and how I got there I don't know—I found myself next in a tiny shop, where a man was serving me with black satin waistcoats for gentlemen. 'Ah! not *black*!' I exclaimed in horror and rushed out. Finally I found myself, calm and collected, on the steps of a house to be let or sold. It was empty, and had a dreary, deserted look. It was ap-

parently in a London Square. I opened the door with a key and entered a gloomy hall, passing up the dark staircase. It was getting dusk and a shiver, partially of fear, came over me. The sensation of going up and up, and not daring to look round was very vivid. I wandered aimlessly through vacant rooms, feeling depressed and anxious. All was silent till I tried a bell to see if it would ring, and then was alarmed at the loud, clanging sound that echoed through the deserted house and in the basement below. I stood stock still, alarmed at my own temerity in having disturbed the stillness, still more alarmed when I became conscious of distant regular footsteps echoing through the empty house. I was rooted to the spot with terror, as tramp, tramp, came the steps up the stairs, approaching nearer and nearer. I made sure it was some ghostly inhabitant coming to visit me, disturbed by the bell, and I finally found courage to move through a door near. This led me to a landing and some stairs which brought me eventually to the kitchen. The basement was quite dark and the kitchen shutters were closed; but presently it grew lighter and I saw a window, typical of a city basement, and a table near it. It was like the kitchen of an early home—the same house where I used to get the whippings—but in my dream it seemed a strange house. As the light appeared I saw traces of cooking about, and wondered how they came there. I was undecided what to do, when a housemaid came out of the scullery, but I experienced no surprise or fright. My thoughts were centered on the floor. It was stone. But it was not that which was riveting my attention. The floor was wet, it was running with water apparently. Astonished, I questioned the servant who looked embarrassed, and then laughed and explained: 'It was cook done that!' I thought at first she meant the cook had spilt some water, then her meaning dawned, and I expressed my horror at cook's behavior. For it was evident cook had made water on the kitchen floor. After this I have no clear recollection of what happened. When I got up the bladder was very full. This dream was early in the morning. The bell may have been the first breakfast bell, and the fear I felt was like that I used to feel when my father was coming to whip me. The Picture Gallery was suggested by the fact that I had been studying 'The Madonna di San Sisto' the night before." This dream is full of the symbolism of urinary desire, and nothing is commoner in such dreams than for the sleeper's desire to be embodied in the action of another person.

The next dream brought forward was as follows:

"I was in a vast Cathedral. There were broad aisles and lofty arches and stained glass windows. At first I was under the impression that I was in Westminster Abbey, but this idea faded away and I knew I was in some foreign building. Facing me was a gorgeous High Altar and I was reminded somehow of St. Roch, although the rest of the building was not unlike Antwerp Cathedral. There was a good deal of crimson about the High Altar, and lighted candles. But what impressed me most was the multitude assembled there. I was near the back (West end) wedged in with others on cane seated chairs. The whole of the vast Cathedral seemed packed with people. I spoke to someone at the back, expressing my wish to go out. I had a great longing to leave, I don't know why. I next found myself in a large bare building occupied only by some school-children who were congregated on the back seats. Again discontent came over me. I enquired when 'the performance' would begin and finding it impossible to sit still I said, 'I will go to take my ticket.' A lady replied, 'Oh, but the ticket office is closed. It won't be open yet.' Nevertheless, I rushed about trying to get my ticket. Then a diversion was caused by the entrance of a lovely collie dog. The children played with it, but it showed a special liking for me, and I caressed it and it followed me about. Still impatient, I sprang up and said, 'I think I should like to see the room we are to sleep in at the Hotel.' So I went out of the door and asked a man to direct me. The rest of the building I was in seemed to be the hotel and he said, 'Turn to the left and then again to the left and then to the right.' I seemed to run (with the collie following) down long white marble passages with great white doors on either side. They were all closed tightly, silence reigned, and there was no sign of life. I had been told that our bedroom was the billiard room and I now thought of asking directions, for I had lost my way. A man passed, but I did not stop him to enquire, for how, I thought, can our bedroom be the billiard room? Anyhow, it sounds silly; I will go back and abandon the search. I don't much care for this cold, deserted *campo santo* sort of place. I long to be in the open air, and out of these confined passages. I next found myself on a country road. The day was hot and it was summer. The road was very white and dusty and by the side were green banks. I sat down by the roadside on the grassy bank and my husband sat by me. I did not seem surprised to see him. I looked down the long white road and was conscious of something

coming towards me, moving rapidly. 'Oh, it is the collie!' I exclaimed in delight. But as it approached it changed gradually into a small pony—brown and very pretty. 'This must be the children's pony' I said, 'no doubt it is a great pet.' I sought thus to connect it with the children in the building. It came straight towards us, and evidently wanted to be noticed. I was delighted, and caressed it, patting its back, and it seemed most friendly. Then its legs seemed to shrivel up somehow and what was left of the legs became tucked up under its body, so that it nestled down on a level with us on the bank, between us. It thrust its head under my arm and wriggled about its body and I caressed its silky hair and called imploringly to my husband to fondle it too. 'Oh, do! do!' I pleaded, 'just pat its nice fat sides, it does want you to so much. Look at it, how it is simply asking you to notice it.' I was burying my face in its plump back and enjoying its demonstrations of affection. But my husband moved away about half a yard on the bank and refused. 'I never care to touch strange animals,' he said. 'They might bite, I will leave you to caress it.' Then the road and the bank and my husband and the pony vanished. I found myself back again in the Church, still crowded, so that I could not get a seat in the nave. But there were some odd chairs on the north side, on a line with the High Altar. I sat in one, but I did not like it, as I had thus to face the congregation, and I felt shy. Presently I became aware that the chair was somewhat rickety and I thought to myself that 'These chairs were evidently broken ones, put here to be out of the way, and not meant for people to sit on.' To the right a door opened on to some cloisters and just inside stood a priest who seemed to be conducting the service. Presently some women and a child came pushing in near me, and took chairs behind. The chairs were smaller than mine, but the woman said they would do. I was very puzzled as to how a woman could squeeze herself into a child's chair with sides. The woman near me was English. She repelled me, being of the common tripper type seen in summer on the sands at the seaside. She had red in her hat, and the sides of the chair were painted red. A child, a little boy, came and pushed himself between my knees. He was looking at a picture book. The presence of this infant perturbed me dreadfully, though I felt it was rather nice and seemed fond of me. I wished it would go out, for it was making me uncomfortable. Then I spoke to the woman in the red hat about the chairs and she admitted hers was more than shaky, but she was willing to risk it. Then I had a curious sensa-

tion. The cane seat of the chair seemed to be crumbling away beneath me. The chair frame stood firm, but very gradually the cane work sank and burst round, so that I was gradually let through the chair, but yet entirely supported by the framework, so that no one knew of the disaster. I had been afraid of the chair collapsing, and I thought the congregation would see me and laugh. I did not pray, or feel religious. My thoughts were with the chair, and the child—who had now gone. Then—although I do not remember distinctly quitting the chair—I found myself with my mother in another part of the same building. An official was showing us some old carved pews.

“A row of cherry stones were ranged on the top of one of the pews and he was telling my mother her fortune. I remember vaguely that he said a lot of things, and finally that my mother was going to America and there she would rise to a high position and wear a red and gold official cap. She laughed and said he must be telling his own fortune, since he wore a red and gold three-cornered hat, and ladies were not so decorated. He emphasized the fact that in America ladies were admitted to all sorts of honors denied them in England, and that it was quite possible for my mother to rise to a high position. He turned to me and asked if I would not like to see the ladies' swimming contest. He showed us a sort of narrow artificial canal, with some painted scenery behind. I protested loudly that it was most unwomanly to swim! We had a heated controversy, over all the things women ought or ought not to do. Then I found myself quite alone walking behind the High Altar. There was no one there. All at once I became aware of a man's approach. He was a very seedy individual, his clothes once black were now of a greenish tinge, dusty and unkempt, his thick black hair hung disordered, and he had a dusty shabby half bowler on his head. The face was sallow, tending to a greenish shade, heavy and inert. His black eyes were dull, his expression lifeless. It was N. A very changed N., but still I recognized him; I did not like to allude to his changed appearance, but he saw the question in my eyes and he said dully: 'I am hard up.' I began to reproach him and reminded him that he had said he had just received some money. 'That's spent,' he said. 'I want more.' I felt sick. I shivered and wondered how I could ever have let him touch me. 'I must have been mad,' I thought, 'Such an odious brute!' He still pressed for money. I told him (rather irrelevantly) that I was not now so much affected by my old craze, and

did not want him and begged him to go away. Then he was furious and put his hand on my shoulder and shook me violently. I had a curious sense of dwindling away and disappearing, and then I awoke. It was six a.m. and I made water to a great extent. It is one of the most complete dreams I ever had. Yet I cannot trace its origin as well as of the previous dream, and I do not remember thinking about churches. But a collie had come into our garden and could not get out. I was much amused at its antics in trying to escape. The pony I cannot account for, except very faintly. The children were undoubtedly caused by reading the night before about the erotic satisfaction some women feel when suckling their babies. A lady I once met told me it was the sweetest sensation she had ever experienced in her life, and I thought of this. Although women never affect me erotically I remembered how twice in my life, once when a child, and again when grown up, I had been profoundly affected at the sight of a woman with a baby at her breast. The cane-seated chair was the outcome of my wish to buy some chairs of this description. The sense of going through was suggested by my weight."

The foregoing dream, although Florrie remarked in sending it that she did not know if it showed any indication of being a bladder dream, is really very typical of the vesical dream. In manifest content, as Freud would put it, there is no reference to urination throughout, yet the symbolism constantly tends to have reference to that function and to the state of desire that precedes it: the "latent content" is throughout urinary, and so it distinctly falls into what I term the vesical group of dreams.⁸

The following dream Florrie described as one of the most vivid she had ever had:

"I dreamt I was sitting in front of a fire day-dreaming. The room was apparently a kind of salon, with French windows to the left. I seemed to be the only person in the room and I was wrapped in a reverie of most engrossing nature when I turned my head to look out of the window and saw the curtain move. It was pulled back and I saw my mother behind, sitting by the window. I felt perturbed, as though she had intruded on my privacy. She spoke to me and then all was silent. Suddenly I became conscious that the rain was coming down in torrents, quite a deluge, I could hear it,

⁸ It is sometimes overlooked, I may remark here, that not only the sexual impulse but any other repressed primary impulse may form the latent content of a dream, beneath a manifest content of quite different texture.

and looking out I saw it, although dimly, for it was nearly dark. My father was outside (he has been dead some years) and called out to my mother, saying it was too wet for her to come out. The streets were running with water. From the window the outlook was the same as from rooms we had once occupied at Ostend. Then my mother got up and approached me. She was all in black, deep mourning (black often comes into my dreams), and came forward with a gliding motion. As she drew near she seemed strangely unlike my mother, grew transformed and uncanny. She was tall and thin with a long black wriggling train to her dress (I saw the same figure in a dream at Florence once), had light fluffy hair and a weird witch-like expression on her face. She came close behind me and put her hand (a small white hand) on my shoulder. I shuddered with horror, and she remonstrated and was much hurt at my aversion. I was semi-clothed, the upper part of my body had only a vest on, and the touch of her hand was on my bare flesh. She explained that she was my mother and I ought not to rebuff her, but I still drew back. She tried to push down my vest and I protested and stopped her, and she saw my repugnance and her face was full of bitter hatred. The expression was awful. I begged her to take her hands off me. She then placed her left hand on my neck and bid me look. I gazed in a sort of fascinated horror, and when she lifted her hand off the little finger was left behind adhering to my skin, and a bright blue flame appeared on the bed opposite—for the room now seemed somehow to have become a bedroom. A most triumphant, uncanny expression of delight at my terror came over her face. I imagined she was a witch and was horror-struck. I then awoke.

“This dream I imagine was suggested by the lady doctor remembrance. I cannot in any way account for the bright blue flame. The incident of sitting in my vest was suggested by the fact that I had been trying on some vests. The rain I cannot account for since the night was fine, as was the preceding day. When I awoke it was about two o'clock and I jumped out of bed to urinate, being in some distress with a full bladder.”

So far as the central part of this dream is concerned with its torrents of rain, it is definitely and typically symbolic of the desire to urinate. A bright light, such as seen in the conclusion of the dream, is often caused by some actual light seen through the curtain of the eyelids, and the concluding episode of the dream was suggested by a reminiscence which came to Florrie's mind before falling asleep

of a physical examination by a woman doctor which had been undergone with much repugnance. This genital suggestion was the naturally resultant secondary element not uncommon in vesical dreams.

It was desirable to test the nature and quality of Florrie's nocturnal dreams, but the field hardly seemed to be rich enough to repay much cultivation. In Florrie's case, throughout, the day-dream has absorbed most of the subconscious psychic activity which in some people is brilliantly manifested in nocturnal dreaming, and rightly or wrongly, here there seemed no need to employ any complex and dubious methods of interpretation. This remained so in her last and urolagnic phase.

Although the urolagnic day-dreams had their origin some way back, and though as we have seen, whipping and urination were throughout connected in Florrie's mind, the whipping day-dreams always leading to a desire to urinate, the two classes of day-dreams had tended to remain separate, and now it was the urolagnic group that covered the whole field and attained new and bolder developments, in which the climax tended to become the representation of the act of urination accomplished upon her own body. There was a general mark of this class of dreams, distinguishing them from the whipping dreams, not only in the fact, already noted, that they were more intimate and personally individualized, but that, instead of being located indoors, they were always imagined as out of doors and thus came to be connected with rural scenery, and to find symbolic links of association with Nature and with natural scenery. There was thus an instinctive attempt not only to poetize what might seem their unduly physiological character, but to diffuse their intensity in a widespread interest in the forms of water in Nature. Florrie was thus brought near to that psycho-sexual tendency which I am inclined to call Undinism. There remained a community of nature with the flagellatory day-dreams in a sensory foundation that was mainly that of touch, a sense which usually plays a leading part in the erotic emotion of women. Merely to observe the act of urination Florrie regarded as a secondary pleasure, "though not without a delicious charm." It was to the sense of touch that the imaginative appeal was made ("why, if one squeezes warm water out of a sponge on to one's flesh, it gives one thrills"); to be taken into a field or wood in summer time, stripped of her clothes under the shade of the trees, and then the sensation of the stream on her flesh, all the more delicious because connected with the most

intimate thoughts, feelings, and sensations. The hero, while usually somewhat shadowy, was always a man, never a woman.

A typical dream was described as follows: "I am generally in a wood or glen, with open spaces here and there, and very often a brook or running water near. Of course it is summer. I am lying, generally face downwards, on a comfortable grass plot (softer in my imagination than it probably would be in reality) when the Stranger comes up. I cannot identify him, for my day-dreams have always been indistinct on this point. (But in my night dreams persons are always distinct.) Although strange I feel that he is nice. I say 'feel' because that just expresses it. I don't *see* him clearly, but I *feel* he wants to please me. He sits down by me, and talks, but it rather passes over my head, for I feel that he is giving me a vague sexy feeling and I cannot resist it. He seems to know exactly how I feel, and sympathizes. Custom and conventionality make a woman dread to admit that she wants anything from a man, but being a day dream and strictly private, I admit frankly that I am longing for him to urinate on me. He guesses it, and expresses a strong wish to do so, but I must remove my clothes, in order to feel it on my bare flesh, and not to wet my garments. This rather appals me, but he helps me, and the touch of his hand thrills me. As each garment is removed I feel more and more helpless but more and more sexy. Finally nude, I try to hide in the grass, feeling at a disadvantage and very uncomfortable. He is clothed and that seems to accentuate his already masculine superiority, whilst my unclothed state accentuates my feminine inferiority. At the same time it increases my sex feeling, which is largely based on a perhaps exaggerated view of the sex differences. (Some old pictures—Giorgione's Concert in the Louvre, for instance—give us clothed men and naked women, but I don't know of an instance where it is reversed). He seems to be in no hurry to begin, and when he just places his hand on my thigh and rests it there I feel thrills of delight. Then lying, half hidden in the grass, I am conscious that he is preparing himself to begin. But this critical moment has never become a very clear incident, even in a daydream just told to myself. I have never dared to picture it. I feel vaguely, perhaps erroneously, that he might resent my watching him, and my inability to read the thoughts of another causes the picture to become blurred here. But I can quite imagine that the tiniest element of phallus worship might easily develop under these circumstances.

"I picture him in all sorts of attitudes, standing, kneeling, half

lying, anyhow, so that I can feel the benefit of the warm, soothing stream. He turns me over so that I feel it everywhere, it is delicious on the breasts and arms and thighs. Sometimes I picture him naked and then he treads on me with bare feet, or stands astride my thighs. Sometimes I stand and he kneels or stands, accentuating the pleasure by putting his left hand between my thighs. But the most delicious sensation of all is when I lie face downwards and he pulls my legs wide apart and kneels between them and urinates right into the vulva. Sometimes he does this with me face upwards, and it is always a triumph of sensations—I seem to crave more and more. In itself the sensation is delicious, added to the keen feeling that it is part of himself and precious on that account. Very often these day dreams are so strong that I can distinctly detect the odor of urine, although I am aware that this is a trick of the senses. In my day dream it pleases me, too, to see it done, although the sight is perhaps a trifle subordinate to the sensation produced by the running fluid on one's bare flesh. I think, too, that I should not object to it on my face, or even in my mouth.

“Day-dreams of this description are such a horribly private sort of thing that it appears a kind of treachery to oneself to drag them to daylight! I feel ashamed, too, as if I never ought to have thus indulged myself. One does it so secretly that when it is written down in words one feels astonished and abashed. Still, this does not make it less real, although it costs me something to write it.”

This was the chief though not the only variety of urolagnic day-dream which Florrie experienced. She never realized it in life, never even made the slightest attempt to realize it; it was too intimate and private for that. But she craved for it, and would lie face downwards on the bed or sofa, as in the days of her whipping obsession, and sometimes would pull up her clothes and imagine that the desired act was being performed over her, sometimes even squirt warm water on to herself in order to simulate the experience. These manifestations, it must be noted, were far slighter than the corresponding manifestations associated with flagellation, and of comparatively faint obsessional power.

She would also indulge in the act of urination in unconventional ways that seemed to make it more interesting and attractive. The method she found most pleasing was to adopt a semi-reclining position with separated legs. After various experiments on the floor and the bed, etc., she found most success and satisfaction by placing a cane chair in a large long bath and leaning back in the chair with a

leg resting on each side of the bath, the vulva being held open by both hands; "then there shoots out a fountain-like stream that descends in a semi-circle at the other end of the bath, rising slightly above its level," with variations in direction, extent, and height every time the experiment is repeated. "It gives one a lovely sensation," she adds, "I don't know why."

It will be observed that Florrie instinctively introduces the analogy of a fountain. It is necessary to emphasize the point that her urolagnic phantasies, unlike her flagellational obsessions, tended to take on an open-air character and to be diffused in natural imagery which was that of water generally. This is a characteristic of what I call Undinism.

In childhood Florrie's urinary associations were most definitely with the bath, and also with the color yellow in general. (She remarked also that the connection of urine with yellow ochre paint has been vivid from childhood.) But from an early age the act of urination began to become mixed with beautiful natural imagery, although it was not apparently until her late urolagnic phase emerged that these associations became prominent in her mind. She points out the charm which is always felt to inhere in fountains which send out jets of water to fall into a basin of still water beneath, and she suggests that children are unconsciously aiming at the same effect when they urinate into the bath, or, better still, in the open, in some secluded spot in the wood where there is a little brook. "The idea of water mingling with water is a great fascination, though it must be smooth water, a lake rather than the sea. It is also interesting when done from some little height. A person thus raised above the eye level presents, too, a new charm. (Hence, I suppose the pictures I have seen in Paris of girls being held in the air while doing it.) Of course it is difficult to say how common this liking is, for the persons most impressed are just those most likely to be secretive. And I must say that as a rule they do not receive much encouragement to be otherwise. The erotic nature of the attraction is possibly proved by the fact that, personally, it would not interest me particularly in one of my own sex." As regards woods, Florrie writes: "There is something fascinating in the sound of the stream descending on dead leaves in a wood, the rustle and sense of wetness in the midst of so much parched dryness, as though the earth must welcome and swallow up the slightest moisture. In a wood one seems nearer to the heart of Nature. The artificial elements that accompany the act in an enclosed room have disappeared;

it assumes a new character and is seen in a fresh light. This applies in a measure to all acts of Nature, and make one understand the idea of fauns and nymphs. All sex acts seem better out of doors, especially in a wood. As a girl the dread of having a baby was especially associated with the accompaniments of a sick room, of which I had a dread, never having experienced any illness. The idea appealed to me strongly of having babies, like savages who seem to suffer so much less, in woods and caves. As a child I was much impressed by that famous passage in Jeremy Taylor where the same thought seems in his mind concerning the final act of Nature, and he describes the pompous paraphernalia of Death, which yet is 'the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday.' I pictured the 'poor shepherd' out in the open, by the running stream and waving trees, being made one with Nature."

Florrie digresses. It will be seen that there has been a continuous decrease in the emotional tension of her phantasies. That movement of relaxation had indeed been proceeding, through all changes in the form of her sexual interests, during the whole period of her history which we have here been able to study. But at the point we have now reached it became marked. Her visits ceased. Her letters became ever shorter and the intervals between them ever longer. She expressed gratitude for the help she had received, but she no longer seemed to feel in need of it. "With regard to Florrie," she wrote at length in a brief note, "there is nothing to relate." Finally came the announcement, in answer to a letter of enquiry: "I have been meaning to write for some time past to tell you that, as you may have guessed from my long silence, Florrie is dead."

The story of Florrie, so far as it is known, here comes to an end. Nothing has been heard of her in the years that have followed. It would be rash to assume that her sexual odyssey has been finally completed. Obviously a woman in the full vigor of life who has not attained to normal sexual relationships, although she has slowly reached an approximation to the normal sexual attitude, may have many emotional troubles still ahead. But, whatever these troubles may be, we can be fairly certain that they will never again take on the threatening and alarming aspects which they sometimes assumed in the past. Henceforth Florrie knows herself and understands the mechanism of the sexual impulse. She walks in light where formerly she stumbled in a darkness full of awful spectres.

For years a mysteriously cloaked terrible figure had seized her from behind in an iron clutch she could not shake off, threatening her with insanity and all sorts of dreadful fates. Now she is able to turn round and face it, to observe, with calm critical eyes, and that quiet shrewd humor native to her, what it is made of, and the iron clutch loosens and the monster dissolves into mist, a mist that even seems beautiful.

We are familiar with such a result. It may indeed seem to some that the whole history of Florrie could have been dismissed in a sentence. So it might. But, as Freud more than anyone has shown us, the minute and prolonged study of an individual history can rarely fail to be profitable. In the present case, while the general pattern may seem familiar, yet the details possess a significance and illumination which extend far beyond the individual history. Aristotle said that the work of human art must ever show a continual slight novelty. So also it is in the art of Nature. I have set down Florrie's case in careful detail—though condensing and suppressing much that seemed irrelevant—in order to disentangle the slight novelty and to discover what it may teach us.

It may teach us the more since Florrie is far from being a highly abnormal person. It is true that we find insanity in a collateral branch of her family, but the general mental disposition and nervous system which she has herself inherited are in most respects sound and normal, even of excellent quality, and the germs of inherited abnormality, which I distinctly believe to be there, are yet so small as to be almost invisible. Florrie seems to the world generally, as to her husband and all her friends, a stable normal person.

How, then, it may be asked, has it come about that these minute germs developed? Why has the sexual impulse in Florrie's case passed through stages that seem so definitely abnormal? And how can we account for the particular forms of perversion which this abnormal development assumed?

It seems to me that Florrie's history brings out at least three groups of factors which all had a share in determining the deviation of the sexual mechanism in her case, and are of general instruction.

The first group of considerations are of a negative kind and concerned with the absence of the normal stimuli of sex. It is well known that in women, to a far greater extent than in men, the sexual impulse needs to be definitely aroused in order to enter normal paths, and that in the absence of definite stimulation a certain proportion of women are not conscious of normal sexual needs

although the impulse is still working unconsciously within them. Now Florrie had been to an unusual extent safeguarded against sexual stimuli, whether from without or within. She was carefully brought up by prosperous parents who were able to protect her from all dubious influences, while her own extreme shyness, reserve, and staid dignity prevented her from making approaches to sexual matters, and equally prevented others from bringing such matters to her. These influences were fortified by her youthful training in social, artistic, and literary ideals and activities. They were further aided by Florrie's slow mental development, for while her intellectual powers are much above the average she was not mentally precocious, and her nervous and cerebral activities generally are of a solid and deliberate order. The decisive influence of a negative kind in Florrie's slow and devious development was, however, her marriage. The course of deviation had, indeed, begun long before marriage, but so unobtrusively, even to her own consciousness, that if at twenty-eight she had been united to a vigorous and congenial mate, of her own age and able to arouse her sexual emotions, she would never have seemed to herself or to anyone who knew her, however intimately, anything other than a completely normal woman within the usual range of slight variation.

To admit the influence of these negative conditions on Florrie's development is to assert by implication that the auto-erotic impulses which, notwithstanding, actually developed had a fundamental organic basis. That I consider to be the case. We now know that to place the sexual impulse in any kind of environmental vacuum may effect the direction of its growth, but will not prevent growth in some direction. We know, moreover, that in childhood, when the same environmental vacuum is produced naturally, through the absence in early life of any mechanism of response to external sexual stimuli, auto-erotic or spontaneous pseudo-sexual impulses still tend to occur, the activities that later are to become genuinely sexual being manifested in play forms that are trivial or at most imperfect, and often symbolic. The two auto-erotic forms in which the infantile sex impulse appeared in Florrie's case were, we have seen, the urolagnic and the auto-flagellatory. The first of these belongs to the scatologic group of childish interests which are now generally recognized to be exceedingly common. They have an organic basis of their own quite distinct from sex, while at the same time there are definite reasons why they should frequently be associated with, or substituted for, sex interests. While, however, the prevalence of

the scatologic interest in childhood is now well recognized, it is doubtful whether the prevalence of the whipping interest is equally well recognized. No doubt it is often absent (as also is the scatologic interest) but it is present so often, and quite apart from whether the child has had any actual experience of whipping, that it seems to me that we must regard it as a normal, though by no means constant, manifestation of the auto-erotic impulse in childhood. I find it more common in girls than in boys and more common in inverted men than in normal men. In my observation it is found so often that it is almost possible to give it the same position which used to be given to a homosexual strain in childhood, although we must not be led by the over-emphasis on the homosexual strain to minimize its importance or to overlook the fact that it has a constitutional basis which must ever tend to re-appear. Nothing is constant and invariable in the sexual sphere, but it will probably be found, on careful observation, that the flagellatory interest in childhood is at least as frequent as the homosexual interest.⁹ It is not necessary here to discuss the origin of this interest and its natural foundation.¹⁰ We must regard the whip as a natural symbol of the penis. One of the most frequent ways in which the idea of coitus first faintly glimmers before the infantile mind—and it is a glimmer which, from an evolutionary standpoint, is biologically correct—is as a display of force, of aggression, of something resembling cruelty. Whipping is the most obvious form in which to the young mind this idea might be embodied. The penis is the only organ of the body which in any degree resembles a whip.¹¹ The idea may be supported in the minds of some young boys, though this would not refer to girls, by the nature of the sensations experienced in the

⁹ I may mention as fairly typical the early experiences of an entirely normal woman of good heredity, married and a mother, who during the years of puberty and early adolescence, from the age of thirteen to sixteen, when lying in bed would have occasional phantasies of being whipped. These phantasies would excite her so that she could not sleep, and she now recognizes that this excitement was of a sexual nature. She was not whipped as a child, and is entirely unable to account for such day-dreams or for the effect they had upon her.

¹⁰ I have dealt with this question in *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Vol. III, 2d ed., pp. 137–150.

¹¹ It has even been at one time commonly so used for educational purposes. We read in old literature of the bull's pizzle with which the school-master was provided for the correction of his pupils.

penis. Thus it comes about that, as Sadger remarks, "penis and whip are equivalent."¹²

All these infantile forms of the sexual impulse—homosexual, scatologic, flagellatory, or what not—we are accustomed in our solemn adult way to call "perversions." I have always preferred to call them symbolisms, more or less auto-erotic in origin. Whatever we call them we have to recognize that they are natural. They are manifestations of a normal and necessary play instinct, with those beneficial effects which Groos established as associated with the play-instinct generally in Nature. From the standpoint of the fully developed sexual impulse they present that impulse in a deviated or twisted form, just as (to repeat an analogy I have elsewhere used) the young fronds present to us in a curled and twisted form what will later become the large and graciously expanding leaves of ferns. It is indeed what we see throughout living Nature where young life ever develops under pressure, contorted into strange forms which are straightened out when the period of functional activity approaches. But that period never would approach if the earlier fantastic period had not preceded it.¹³ We must beware, therefore, of terming it abnormal; the real abnormality would be the appearance of the developed adult impulse at the infantile stage.

In Florrie's case, however, there really was a deviation which lay in an arrest of the development of the sexual impulse at the infantile, or rather pre-pubertal, stage. Normally, at puberty and early adolescence, the process of straightening out more or less harmoniously occurs, and the earlier impulses are transmuted into, or at the least subordinated to, the adult impulse of sexual attraction. In Florrie's case, placed as she was in an environment without sexual stimuli, the transmutation took the form of a premature sublimation or, rather, pseudo-sublimation, into artistic and literary activities, a transmutation which was apparently complete. But, as we know, sublimation cannot be complete, even when it is the developed form of sexual energy that is sublimated. The artistic

¹² Jahrbuch für Psycho-analytische Forschungen, Bd. V, p. 188. Sadger elsewhere (*ib.*, p. 498) refers to a patient who as a child seems to have thought that in coitus his father whipped his mother on the buttocks with his penis.

¹³ I by no means wish to assume that the play functions of sex are only valuable in early life. They are specifically human and are associated with the general retention of childlike qualities which marks man. "The play function of sex," as Parmelee remarks (*Personality and Conduct*, p. 113), "has been an important factor in the evolution of civilization."

developments of the sexual impulse during adolescence are normal when they represent an idealized manifestation of the sexual impulse itself. But in Florrie's case they represented no such manifestation. They were not really a sublimation at all. The yet undeveloped impulse remained in its arrested state to develop unconsciously, shut off from external stimuli and consequently still arrested in form. Meanwhile, Florrie was attaining an unusual degree alike of mental power and robust physical development. The organism was reaching its full adaptation for sexual activity, and finally this repressed activity came to the surface at the age of twenty-eight, under such conditions as her constitution and experience rendered possible.¹⁴

This active manifestation of the sexual impulse, not at first realized as sexual, assumed the form of an interest in whipping of the nates by a man, the whip becoming a sexual fetich, and the mental absorption on this subject inducing auto-flagellation. This leads us to the third instructive factor in Florrie's sexual deviation. It has been pointed out that an emotional interest in whipping is so common about the age of puberty, especially in girls, that it may be regarded as coming within the range of normal variation. But that this interest, after naturally dying down in early adolescence, should suddenly re-assert itself spontaneously, and with an immeasurably increased intensity, after an interval of some fifteen years, that is by no means normal. How came it about that in Florrie's case the adult sexual impulse took this particular form?

It was at one time supposed that fetichisms and erotic symbolisms in general, as well as homosexuality, are adequately accounted for when we have discovered some chance association in early life. That is part of the explanation, but it is not in itself adequate. Chance associations occur to everyone and for the most part without effect. Many children have been severely beaten; few have become adult auto-flagellants. We go deeper when we are able to see how much importance attaches to the early formation of a reservoir of emotion linked on to what is, or is capable of becoming, a sexual motive. In Florrie's sensitive shy nature as a child (she is herself convinced of the sexual character of shyness) whipping served to form exactly such a reservoir, admirably adapted for later

¹⁴ I have elsewhere (*Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Vol. III, p. 243) brought forward many considerations tending to show that it is at the age of from twenty-eight to thirty that the sexual impulse tends to be strongest in women, and sexual desire to be most consciously experienced.

use to sexual ends. Such considerations, however, are still abstract and general. When so definite an erotic symbolism as this of Florrie's becomes constituted we suspect the existence of individual peculiarities rooted in the organism and specially fitting it to become the seat of that symbolism. This was the case in the present instance. The pronounced development of the gluteal region and thighs has been pointed out. It became evident to Florrie in adolescence; some years later, at a time when her figure generally was not more than moderately plump, this development is plainly observable in her photographs, and at the time when she came under observation, while there was a somewhat increased general tendency to deposit fat, it was still most pronounced in the buttocks and thighs and hardly noticeable at all in the breasts.¹⁵

In association with this anatomical preponderance of the gluteal region, we find a corresponding physiological deviation. Many indications reveal that Florrie was to a certain extent sexually anesthetic in the region of the vulva, though this condition latterly tended to diminish. She was unable to obtain orgasm by ordinary masturbation, but, as we have seen, acute sexual excitation with orgasm was at once set up by stimulation of the anus.¹⁶ It would thus seem probable that in some persons, of whom Florrie is an example, there is a tendency for the centers of sexual excitation to be shifted posteriorly, such persons possessing unusually developed buttocks and an anus with greater sexual sensibility than the normal sexual centers. Such a state of things must be regarded as constituting a predisposition only; it is not necessarily final or beyond the reach of training. But it is obvious that it constitutes a favorable and even natural basis for various sexual deviations.¹⁷

¹⁵ Sadger (*Jahrbuch für Psycho-analytische Forschungen*, Bd. 5, 1913, p. 500) brings forward the case of a man who when a boy practised auto-flagellation. He had small genitals but large buttocks.

¹⁶ Anal masturbation is, of course, recognized, and is referred to by Hammond, Schrenck-Notzing, and others. See, e. g., Block, *Beiträge zur Ätiologie der Psychopathia Sexualis*, Vol. I, pp. 224-7. I am not aware, however, that any connection has been recognized between anal masturbation and a pronounced gluteal development.

¹⁷ In mental analysis there is sometimes a tendency, of which we need to be aware, to overlook the constitutional basis of psychic deviations. This tendency has sometimes been laid to the charge of Freud, but not altogether justly, for, in principle at all events, Freud fully recognizes these constitutional bases, and has stated (*Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse*, Vol. II, p. 167) that in the production of the observed effect constitutional and accidental factors regularly work together and that the need for insistence on the latter is merely due to their frequent neglect.

But we still have to account for Florrie's urolagnia. It is indeed now well recognized that a urinary interest is so natural in childhood that it comes easily within the normal sphere; that to some extent it may take the place later occupied by the purely erotic interest, to which at puberty it becomes normally subordinated, if it is not indeed completely suppressed or even extinguished. But why should we here find this impulse side by side, and even mutually interchangeable, with another and stronger impulse to which, on the surface, it has no relationship?

The answer seems to be that here also we must recognize a natural underlying relationship. Sadger, who has cast many rays of light on this obscure and little explored field of psychology, points out that urolagnia, "urethral eroticism" as he calls it, or Undinism, as I am inclined on account of its wider connections to term it, is associated with "Gesässerotik," the eroticism of the buttocks, such as we find in Florrie. "In most cases of passive flagellation," he remarks, "there exists, besides the eroticism of the buttocks to be named in the first line, also a powerful urethral eroticism." He adds, quite truly, that there are many urethral eroticists who have no inclination for flagellation, but he seems to regard heightened urethral eroticism as the basis for a frequent combination of masochism with urolagnia. It is in the web of the associated eroticism of skin, mucous membrane, and muscle that these combinations, Sadger believes, are naturally formed. He attaches little importance to the nerve connections between the genito-urinary sphere and the gluteal sphere, though it scarcely seems to me that that factor can be entirely ignored.

In any case, and even though at this point the precise mechanism may not be clear, it must be recognized that we are in the presence of a natural manifestation. I should be content at present to point out that, in Florrie's case, as doubtless in many similar cases, we have an association in time of the two experiences, flagellatory and urinary, as is set forth in the narrative of her childhood. Moreover, there is the significant fact that, underlying both the gluteal and the vesical experiences, are the same emotions of anxiety and terror, of shyness and shocked modesty, the emotions which, as we know, are so well adapted for transformation, under favorable conditions, into sexual emotions. We see an important stage in this transformation on the vesical side, though not yet recognizably sexual, at the time when, years after the gluteal experience had taken on an unconsciously erotic character, Florrie discovered her favor-

ite method of urinating erect and out of doors. She has well described how, under the irresistible vesical impulse, her acute emotions of anxiety, dread, and shyness were suddenly transformed into pleasure and the triumphant discovery of a new method of gaining vesical relief. No doubt as a child she had felt infantile interest and pleasure in this function, but it was at this time, at the age of twenty, that its special adult transformation into urolagnia reached the first stage. There are, obviously, two distinct elements in the emotional state described, both capable of sexual transformations, anxiety and shyness. When in recent years Florrie has come to realize the significance of her own experiences, it is to the latter that she is most inclined to attach importance. "It has come to me gradually to suspect," she wrote, "from my own experience, that there must be a sexual element wherever this sensation of shame and shyness, reticence, the wish to conceal, is felt, even in religion. Everyone feels a sort of ashamed, try-to-hide, name-it-not, feeling about the excretory processes, just the same as about sex matters. If it is not sexual, what is it? The average person says, 'Why, of course, it is quite different. It's just disgust.' Yet people show little or no objection in showing other things, ulcers and loathsome tumors, that are far more disgusting, while as regards urination even for the most fastidious person there cannot really be any feeling of disgust. The bashfulness can only come from a hidden sexual feeling."

When we thus survey the course of Florrie's deviation we see that it was throughout inevitable and necessary. It was the outcome of her hereditary predisposition, of her physical and psychic constitution, of the special conditions to which in childhood she was subjected and under which she developed in adult life. The course was abnormal, yet, alike in its progress and its recession it was completely natural. It was a course affected by infantile arrests of development, and as occurs when such arrests are carried on into adult life to be reinforced by all the other more evolved aptitudes of that life, the infantile traits become immensely exaggerated, tending to take on that genuinely adult erotic character which in early life is not yet developed. Florrie's course of sexual development was affected by arrests, overwhelming to her in their magnitude, yet, however slowly, however imperfectly, nevertheless that development proceeded. Throughout the years she was under observation it passed from stage to stage, still abnormal yet continuously less abnormal, through the ascending spiral of natural growth, until at

the point where it passes out of sight it had become almost, if not altogether, what we call normal.

Here it is necessary to say something of the therapeutic conditions under which the desirable termination of Florrie's case was reached. I hesitate to use so positive a word as "therapeutic" in this connection. Certainly the method adopted was important, probably essential, to the result obtained. But to apply to it a term with such gross connotation as "treatment" may be misleading: that term may be in place elsewhere; it is dubiously in place in the psychic field we are here concerned with.

The whole method needed to ensure Florrie's progress lay in surrounding her with an atmosphere. That atmosphere was simply one of sympathetic comprehension. She was thus enabled to gain confidence in herself, to apply her own native intelligence to her own problems, and, not least, for the first time to express her experiences in words to another person. It became a process of mental analysis. But it was Florrie herself who mainly carried on that analysis, and therein its virtue lay. There was little attempt to present to her relationships, which were fairly clear, but which she had not worked out for herself: she would not fail to reach them, and sometimes herself saw them first. She was surrounded by an atmosphere favorable for guidance, but no firm guiding hand was laid upon her, scarcely so much as the almost imperceptible touch of a finger. Thus Florrie's course towards normality, however devious, was as inevitable and as absolutely natural as her course towards abnormality.

Such a method would have aroused the scorn and even the indignation of the old-time physician. His impulse would be to react violently to all these unwholesome fancies and vicious habits, as he would consider them, and to thrust Florrie forcibly, with much severe admonition, into the path of rectitude. The upward spiral of her actual course under observation would have seemed to an undiscerning observer a disconcerting series of abnormal eruptions, and the final result of such "treatment," if possible at all—since a reserved and sensitive woman of Florrie's temperament would have brought it to an end at the outset—must have been failure, if not disaster.

It is necessary to go further and to cast doubts even on more discerning methods when they are based on routine and on the subconscious belief that every case must conform to the same pattern. Such a method is pernicious and unlikely to lead to suc-

cess even when it is the outcome of a genuine analytic investigation. Every human being presents, as every fine work of art presents, a continual slight novelty. There must always be a tendency to a pattern, but the pattern is never quite the same, and it is puerile to insist on trying to make it so. Each new person is a fresh revelation of Nature, to be watched, quietly and patiently, until its secret is manifested. We cannot rule Nature, as Bacon long ago declared, except by obeying her. And we cannot guide the struggling human being on his course unless we realize what that course is and possess the faith and the insight to discern the meaning of even its most unexpected deviations on the upward path. Even the leading question must often be regarded as almost an outrage, and still more the insistent demand on the patient to admit impulses which some theory demands. There are times when it is desirable to let fall a suggestion of what the observer divines, but it must be let fall easily, as it were casually, as lightly as a rose petal. It will not fail to hit the mark if the divination was sound, even though, at the moment, there is no response.

In the record of Florrie's history I have passed over an element of that transfer of emotion to the person of the investigator which Freud and others have termed "Uebertragung." It was easy to pass it over because it never came directly and interruptively into the course of the history. But it must not be passed over altogether because it may really be regarded as of vital importance and largely contributed to constitute that favorable atmosphere to which reference has been made. It was never obtrusive, demonstrative, or insistent, so that it was easy to disregard it, and treat it as nonexistent. It subsided gradually, without comment, or the need for comment, step by step with Florrie's course towards normality. It was traceable from the first interview. Florrie approached that interview with much nervous trepidation. She almost turned back at the end of the long journey which she had taken to obtain it. But when it was over she returned home with feelings of confidence and admiration—although nothing had been done to arouse such feelings—which affected, vaguely but influentially, the subsequent course of her development. The influence may be said to be twofold. In the first place it was an essential condition to enable one of Florrie's shy and reserved nature to bring to the surface and carry on openly the whole course of the mental analysis. She had, it is true, in her first letter revealed herself almost as far as at that time she knew herself. That, however, would not have been enough, and

if personal contact had proved inhibitory, even any further progress by correspondence would have been sterilized. The expanding influence on her reserved temperament of this emotional attitude was an essential condition for the progress of the analysis. In the second place, the emergence of a personal interest of this kind in the course of analysis helps to release the repressed and arrested normal emotions and to bring them out of the unconscious to the surface. In this way it can scarcely fail to exert a favorably guiding influence, because it tends to weaken, if not completely to replace, the phantasies of an obsession or a fetich by setting up a more normal object of attraction. Both of these influences appear to have acted favorably in Florrie's case, although the action may not have been consciously or definitely perceived. It is true that Freud regards *Uebertragung* as a more complex process, acted upon by that tendency, even found in normal persons, but in more pronounced degree in the neurotic, which Bleuler terms ambivalence, so that there is not only a "positive" but a "negative" *Uebertragung*. Along the first line are produced a confidence and sympathy altogether favorable to the patient's progress: along the second a hostile and resistant attitude which are unfavorable, if not fatal, to any beneficial treatment.¹⁸ Without seeking to dispute this doctrine, it must be said that such "negative" *Uebertragung* seems to be often an artificial product of analysis, an artefact. One is tempted, indeed, to ask whether an investigator who encounters "negative" *Uebertragung* might not be well advised to retire from the world for a time and to practise a little auto-psychoanalysis. The investigator, instinctively and unconsciously, however good his intentions may be, often forgets that it is his part to educate and develop; he falls into the attitude of combat; he unconsciously adopts the gesture of tilting against a foe, and so inevitably he arouses the corresponding impulse of hostility and resistance on the opposing side. It is a plausible fallacy to fall into. But in this field, to adopt the method of force, however subtly moralized, is to condemn oneself beforehand to defeat. It is not by our much doing that much is done, least of all by the exercise of force. "Strength and Hardness are the Companions of Death: Tenderness and Suppleness are the Companions of Life." The wise Sydenham, when asked what books he would advise a physician to read, replied profoundly "Don Quixote." And the therapist of the soul would be well advised to make his

¹⁸ S. Freud, "Zur Dynamik der Uebertragung," *Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse*, Vol. II, p. 187.

bedside companion one of the oldest of books which is also one of the deepest, the *Tao-Teh-King* of Lao-tze.

It would be easy to discuss the significance of Florrie's history in many other relationships—such as the fairly obvious emergence of what Jung would call the Father-Imago—but there would be no end of such discussion. If, as a great naturalist said, one could spend one's life in studying as much earth as one can cover with one hand, much more easily can one say the like of the complex human soul. But if all the things were to be written that could be written about even a single person we may sympathize with that Evangelist who in an outburst of extravagance supposed that "even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written." Since we have not world enough nor time, we must be content to make but a little exploration, and to count ourselves happy if we thereby achieve but a little good.

TRANSLATION
SLEEP WALKING AND MOON WALKING
A MEDICO-LITERARY STUDY

BY DR. J. SADGER

VIENNA

TRANSLATED BY LOUISE BRINK

(Continued from page 342)

She went and he remained to pursue his studies. So the time passed. He had grown eager and busied himself noiselessly with his telescope. "And he thrust aside once more that young life, which an hour ago had breathed so very near him and came again to the old beaten track of thought that the old Dreier was right. 'Don't do anything foolish, Joern.'—And yet, 'Fine she is and good. Happy the man about whose neck her arms lie.—What precious treasure must those eyes hold, when they can look with such frank confidence at a man.'"

About him now were only the customary sounds of night. Suddenly it was as if near by over the house roof and then at the side at the wall of the house he heard the soft cry of a goose and the weak flapping of wings. And "as he looked, there stood under the house roof in the bright moonlight a white human form, with one hand over the eyes and with the other feeling along the wall, as if it would enter the house where there was however no door. It spoke in excited hurried words, 'The calves are in the garden; you must be more on the watch. Get up Joern and help me.' Joern Uhl came in three long strides over the turf and softly called her name: 'I am here.—Here I stand.—It is I.—So! so!—Now be still.—It is I.—No one else is here.' She was speechless and began to rub her eyes with the back of her hand, as a child rubs the sleep out of its eyes, and she fretted also in childish fashion. Then he embraced her and told her again where she was, and led her to the stable door seeking to comfort her. 'Look, here is the door of the stable. Here you have gone through, you dreamer; you have gone all through the

stable in your sleep. Have you been seeking the moon calves? Ah you foolish child!—So, here you need not be anxious. You will straightway be back in your room.’ When she finally clearly recognized her situation, she was frightened, flung her hands against her face and uttered mournful cries. ‘Oh, oh, how frightful this is!’ But he caressed her, took her hands from her face and said to her feelingly, ‘Now stop that complaining. Let it be as it is.’ So they came to the open door, which led to her room. It must have been a remarkable night, for not only had half the calves in the pasture broken out and in the morning were actually standing in the garden and the court, but the boy this night of all nights had not come home, but only returned in the early morning twilight.”

The next morning Joern Uhl went to the parish clerk that the banns might be published for him and the nineteen year old Lena Tarn. He was almost embarrassed when he came again before her, “I should merely like to know what you think of me.” As she remained speechless, he came nearer. “You have always been a great hero, especialy to me. Hold your head high and make it known that I am right.” She was still silent, merely pressed both hands to her temples and stared into the glowing hearth. Then he drew one of her hands down softly from her hair, seized it and went with her over the vestibule, through the door communicating with the front of the house. She followed him passively, her eyes upon the ground and the other hand still on her hair. In the living room he led her to the large chair which stood by the window and forced her into it. “So,” said he softly, “here we are all alone, Lena. Here in this chair has Mother sat many a Sunday afternoon. You now belong in it.” Still she said nothing. “I have been to the parish clerk and arranged everything and the wedding will be in June. Have you nothing to say yet?” Then she seized his hands and said softly, “As you think, it is all good so.” And she covered her face with her hands and wept. Then he began to stroke her and kiss her. “Child, only cease your weeping. You are my fair little bride. Only be happy again.” And in his distress he said, “I will never do it again. Only laugh again.” At last when he could think of no more cajoling names, he called her “Redhead.” Then she had to laugh, for that was the name of the best cow, which stood first in the stalls. Now she lifted her head and gazed long at him without moving. Thus Joern Uhl came rightly to that tenderness and comfort which he thought he deserved.

I have only a little to add that is important for our theme. As a

young wife also Lena Tarn was busy the whole day, working from early to late without rest. The work flew from her hand. And when her confinement was over, she got up the sixth day, against the earnest warning of the housekeeper, cared for her boy alone the whole day, went even to the kitchen and carried water for his bath. Joern Uhl allowed it. For he was proud to have such a strong wife, "not so affected as the others." It led however to her death. Somehow she must have become infected, for soon after a severe childbed fever broke out.

Even as a young wife she, the poor humble cottager's daughter whose childhood was pinched by bitterest need, shed a wealth of love and joy upon all who dwelt about her. Yet now, "she, the friendly one, who had never caused suffering to any one, went in her fever delirium to every one in the house, even the smallest servant boy and to every neighbor and begged their forgiveness, 'if I have done anything to hurt you in any way.' Towards morning she became quieter but it was the exhaustion of death and she spoke with great difficulty. Her husband must 'tell Father that she had loved him.' Joern Uhl sobbed violently: 'Who has never spoken a kind word to you, poor child.' She tried to smile. 'You have had nothing but toil and work,' he said. Then she made him understand in labored speech that she had been very happy." The last fever phantasies finally put her back into her childhood. Her love went out to the old teacher Karstensen, then again to Joern Uhl, until she was finally led through angels to a further father-incarnation, to the dear God. "It came to her like peace and strength. Clasped by many hands and led forward, she came to an earnest, holy form who leaned forward and looked kindly upon her. Then she stretched her hand out and suddenly she had a great bunch of glowing red flowers in her hand. She gave them to him saying, 'That is all that I have. I pray you let me remain with you. I am fearfully weary. Afterwards I will work as hard as I can. If you would like to hear it, I will gladly sing at my work.'"

Scarcely in any other tale is the fierce strife between the clearly active sexual longing, and the conscious sexual denial present at the same time, as well as the final victory which the unconscious attains, so plainly shown as in Gustav Frenssen's romance, where the moon walking, exhibitionistic woman completely overthrows the reasoning of the man. The poet expresses it clearly and decisively: They each knew the desire of the other. Joern Uhl saw through the meaning of a maiden's scorn and Lena's eyes said, I am too

proud to love you, but I do love you. Yet opportunity must be given to the unconscious to break through victoriously so that the inhibiting reason shall be deprived of its power. Therefore the powerful increase of libido with the woman during the occurrence of menstruation and through the wooing of the boy, who lets the calves break out, in the man through the cold bath and furthermore in both through the seductive May air. Finally the moon acts directly with its light as a precipitating cause.

The night before she had spoken out loud in her sleep just as Joern Uhl went by to his room. He had spoken of it directly as the action of the moonlight, which she of course contradicted; she had been lying awake and heard the calves break out.¹⁹ Then she takes the following night, when the housekeeper, with whom she slept, was sitting up nursing an old farmer and the boy had gone courting again, to approach Joern Uhl on her part as a moon walker, who knew nothing of what she did and could not be held responsible. More than this her unconscious had a fitting speech ready, the calves had broken out again.

Also the breaking through of the motor impulse is well grounded. Everything with Lena Tarn is joy in muscular activity, the restless, almost unappeasable desire for work and pleasurable "getting things done," "exerting herself," the constant singing, the easy giving way to anger. Work is the only thing which she can carry on earnestly because in that she lives out in part her sexuality, she meets every one else smilingly or angrily according to her mood. It is noteworthy too that her unquiet libido transforms itself toward Joern Uhl into anger and animosity and so much so that once in anger she addresses him as "thou" and acts as if she were his beloved.

One thing is especially evident in this example of sleep walking and moon walking, the invariably infantile bearing of these phenomena. When Lena, walking in her sleep, was called by her lover, she rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand as a child rubs the sleep from its eyelids and fretted also in childish fashion. Then again there is her strange behavior when Joern announces that he has arranged for the publishing of the banns. The farmer had in a significant way put her literally into the mother's place and then in the

¹⁹ Has not the bringing in of these animals and of the word mooncalves a hidden closeness of meaning? The repetition twice of the same motive, the analogy with the case at the beginning which I analyzed, and at last the fact that Lena, when she looked at the stars, wanted to see a farmhouse where some one was just driving out the calves, all this gives food for thought.

same manner shown tenderness toward her, stroking and caressing her, as he himself had once been treated by his mother. Still Lena, who already in the night responded to the sudden realization of her position with the cry, "Oh, oh, how frightful this is!" cannot yet quiet herself. It is hardly to be believed that a farm maiden would so lose control of herself at the thought of an illegitimate relationship, which furthermore was to be immediately legalized by marriage. Many things however point to this—I mention only her later fever phantasies—that she always felt inwardly guilty because she had been untrue to some one else, the first beloved of her childhood, her own father. Only when Joern Uhl on his part becomes a child and in his way solemnly declares "I will never do it again," and in the end names her "Redhead," apparently a pet name of her parent, then she has to laugh and looks long at him without moving, wondering perhaps if he is the real father. After this everything falls into proper place. I can now somewhat extend the statement at the beginning of this section. Night wandering and moon walking have not only inner connections with the infantile but more exactly with the infantile erotic.

I will briefly mention still one circumstance in conclusion. The influence of the moonlight is but little touched upon in our tale. Joern Uhl speaks of it only once. There is on the contrary a connection with actual occurrences, a recent cause for Lena's moon walking. She has looked at the moon through the lover's telescope and received instruction in regard to it. That wakens the memory of the instruction of the old Karstensen, her teacher when she attended the folk school, from which we understand that he appears in the place of her father.

"MARIA," by Otto Ludwig.

Perhaps no poet has felt so deeply and expressed so clearly what constitutes the fundamental problem of sleep walking and moon walking as Otto Ludwig in his youthful novel "Maria." This novel has, according to a letter from the poet, "sprung from the anecdote of the rich young linen draper, who was passionately roused to commit an unnatural offence at sight of the landlord's daughter laid out apparently dead in the room through which he was conducted to his own. As a result of this, when he put up there years after, he found her, whom he supposed to have been buried, a mother, who had no knowledge as to who was her child's father."

This anecdote, which he learned from a friend, took such a hold upon him that he immediately wrote down not only what he had heard but the first plan, although upon the insistent protestation of that friend he did not work out the story as it had been first conceived nor so glaringly. "I saw," writes our poet, "at first only the psychological interest in this material. The problem was to present the story as well as possible and this was indeed a significant one for the narrator. A distinctly esthetic interest would not be possible in conjunction with that."

There is no doubt in the mind of the experienced psychoanalyst that, when a poet is laid hold in this manner by an anecdote, this only happens because his own significant infantile complexes are roused out of the unconscious. Also the transformations, not unworthy of consideration, which the poet makes with the story are highly indicative. The seemingly dead maiden becomes a moon walker, the landlord's daughter is changed to the attractive daughter of a pastor. "Out of the linen draper there is finally made a cultivated, artistically sensitive youth, who has in him much of Ludwig's own personality" (Borcherdt). The finished romance the poet considered the best which he had so far created, it came nearest to his ideal of a story. Although his attempts always failed to find a publisher for the "Maria," the poet retained his love for this work all his life and it was one of the few productions of his youth which he occasionally still shared with his friends in his last years.

The theme of "Maria" is, as indeed the significant title represents, the unconscious, not to say, the immaculate conception. It is unconscious because the heroine, drawn by the moon and walking in her sleep, comes to her beloved and becomes pregnant by him without a conscious memory of the experience. Furthermore the analogy with the Mother of God becomes emphasized by the fact that in a picture "Mary and Magdalene" described at the beginning, the Queen of Heaven bears quite unmistakably the features of the heroine of the title. The main event, with its results and discovery, is developed out of the character of both hero and heroine with extraordinary psychical keenness.

Eisener like Maria is the only child of rich parents. For both love manifests itself for the most part rather unfortunately. Apparently neither gets on well with the father and both have early lost their mothers. Only Eisener even yet clings with deepest veneration to the mother who taught him to revere all women and, judging from his words, her influence upon her husband and the

son's desire still appears. "Whatever of good there is in me, I owe to women. The thought of my excellent mother restrained me from many an indiscretion, as also the teaching and the example of the wisest and best of men (the father). This gentle power which is so sweet to obey and at the same time so full of reward! In loving surrender it obeys the man, while its divine power rules the man without his knowing it. The imperceptible but mighty influence of her gentle presence has determined his decision before he has comprehended it. It has fallen upon him in his anger like an angel before his own strength could arm itself, it has turned him to what is right and proper before he is conscious of the choice. Before her clear look confusion cannot exist, the coarse word of insolence sinks back unspoken into the shame filled breast. The brightness of a lost paradise shines from her eyes upon the fallen bringing pain and warning, the consolation of eternal pity smiles upon the penitent. These are the suns about which the planets of greatness, honor and beauty revolve, lighted and warmed by them." Maria's mother on the other hand is not praised by a single syllable. We do not discover when she died nor how old the little one was when she lost her natural protectress. Only indirectly can one make conjectures in regard to this peculiarly important point.

Maria was from an early age a marvelous child. "She spoke a language of her own, which only the initiated or a very poetic person could understand. All lifeless things lived for her; she transferred to flowers, trees, buildings, yes, even furniture and clothing the feelings of a human soul. She mixed sense impressions in her speech in the strangest fashion, so that she asserted of tones that they looked red or blue, and inversely of the colors that they sounded cheerful or sad. A girl a few years older than she named her the blue song." Both phenomena, the attributing life to inanimate things, to which one speaks as to beloved human beings, as well as the phenomenon of synesthesia, color audition and seeing of tone colors, are as we know positively today, to be referred back to erotic motives.²⁰

²⁰ According to my psychoanalytic experience children who cling so to inanimate things see in them either sexual symbols or those things were once objects of their secret sexual enjoyment. It may happen, for example, that such a child falls in love with the furniture, the walls of the room, yes, even a closet, stays there by the hour, kisses the walls, tells them its joys and sorrows and hangs them with all sorts of pictures. One very often sees children talking with inanimate things. They are embarrassed and break off at once if surprised by their elders. If there were not something forbidden behind

"With Maria's seventh year perhaps, the tendency to play and purposeless dreaming, which is always bound with such lively, mobile phantasy, gave place, to the astonishment of all, to an exactly opposite tendency. From this time she began to take root in life with all the intensity of her nature. Already in her twelfth or thirteenth year she looked after the father's household, to the admiration of all who beheld her. A divine blessing seemed to accompany everything which she undertook; everything increased under her hands. She could in passing enjoy herself well in the idealistic dreams of the poets and of her acquaintances, but her own peculiar element was reality."

What had produced this sudden turn about? I can not escape the conjecture that here the death of her mother had a decisive influence and with it the necessity to take the place with her father of his wife. Her housewifely activity is noted first to be sure from her twelfth or thirteenth year. Yet I am of the opinion that she had already in her seventh year begun to play this rôle—in which year the death of her mother would be placed—only because she was too small it had been under the eye of a maid or housekeeper. My analyses of hysterics has taught me that so profound and sudden a transformation of the whole character always takes place upon definite erotic grounds and for a quite definite erotic purpose.

The earliest love of the tiny maiden belongs almost always to her own father, who is in truth her first beloved. One can often hear it from the child's lips, "You know, Papa, when Mama dies then I will marry you." That is in the childish sense meant quite properly and literally. The early, premature death of the mother gives reality to such infantile wishes, at least as far as concerns the care of the house. As soon then as Maria might begin to play this part, she filled it in a striking and inimitable fashion, although in years she was yet a mere child. She is altogether the mother in the care of a boy outside the family and this, as he quite rightly remarked, laughing boisterously and heartily, even where it is not

this, there would be no ground for denying what they are doing, the more so since in fairy tales beasts, plants and also inanimate things speak with mankind and with one another without the child taking offense at it. The latter first becomes confused by the same action when he is pilfering from the tree of knowledge and has something sexual to hide. Hug-Hellmuth has convincingly demonstrated the erotic connection of the child's enthusiasm for plants as well as the different synesthesias. (See her study, "Über Farbenhören," *Imago*, Vol. I, pp. 218 ff. Abstracted in *Psa. Rev.*, Vol. II, No. 1, January, 1915.)

necessary. Thus her first thought, when she spends her first night banished from home, is of "the poor father, who must go to bed without the little services to which he is so accustomed."

She possesses a maturity in the management of the household which few elders have. Everything goes on and is done without any one noticing that it is being done. "Is there anything more charming than this sixteen year old little house mother in her house-keeping activities?" said one of her admirers. "Just look, let her do what she will, she accomplishes it in the best way and at the same time most beautifully." She is quite contented in the position which she has made. Her eroticism seems completely satisfied. "She is psychically yet so little a woman that there is not the least sexual inclination in the charm that infuses her and therefore her bodily development is overlooked. There is also no trace yet of that entrancing shyness which springs from the mere suspicion that there must be something else about the man." A friend of the family expresses it thus: "When one considers the repose, the self possession of her nature, the freedom from constraint and the spirituality of it, one might almost believe that *she was not originally of this earth but perhaps a native of the moon, which seems to exercise more influence upon her than the earth.*" Every trace of dreamy maiden phantasies, which represent nothing but unconscious love desires, was wanting in her. What she formerly possessed of these was now completely bound with her care of the father.

Her erotic nature is for the time satisfied and needs nothing more to veil it and has nothing to wish for. Therefore she has on the one hand kept childhood's clearness of vision, before which there can be no deceit, on the other hand unbroken contentment with herself and all the world as well as the capacity to forgive immediately every wrong suffered. According to the picture drawn by the poet of the passionate nature of the father, which is capable of hurrying him, the pastor, into reviling God, it seems to me plain why Maria, if she suffered wrong, "is distressed merely over the remorse which the other one, she knows, must feel, when he has finally come to an insight and to reflection." This is nothing else than the father's voice, who had once done wrong to his child and had in a later searching of heart repented of it. Maria, with such early satisfaction of her feelings of love begged "even as a child for nothing which the parents had to refuse her. If she had any need it was to be busy, to take care of the order and the nourishment of the house,

the satisfaction and welfare of the inmates. Where she could love, she was happy and at home. Yet even the love for her father never proclaimed itself passionately but always rather in unwearied attention and concern for his smallest need, which only she might suspect as well as for that which manifested itself actively." For herself she scarcely had any wants. A piece of bread and two apples satisfied her as her day's nourishment, which is typical for the hysteric anorexia and perhaps merely signifies the unconscious wish to cost the father as little as possible. Just one single characteristic was wanting for her perfection, the soft, clinging, typically feminine characteristic. This also becomes understandable when one considers that all eroticism toward the father is inhibited in its sexual goal, and may manifest itself only intellectually on account of the incest barrier, at least as far as it comes into consciousness.

The womanly within her shall nevertheless find release through the young Eisener. I have mentioned above how he hung upon his mother. As the early inclination of the small maiden is generally toward the father, so the first love of the boy is for the mother. It is she who teaches him to love and to seek the woman of his heart according to her own image. Later, just before puberty we might say, the boy becomes acquainted with the secrets of sexual life, then, clinging to certain impulses of his childhood, he begins to desire the mother also in the newly acquired sense, while he begins to hate the father as a favored rival, who stands in the way of this wish, and develops a conscious antagonism toward him. He falls, as we say, under the domination of the *Œdipus* complex. Yet the wishes toward the mother go as a rule no further, since meanwhile the incest barrier has already for a long time been erected. Through this the boy is compelled to submit the mother complex to a splitting. For a moment the phantasy may come to him that the mother shall conduct him into the sexual life—a feature not wanting in any youth—but it is now decidedly rejected or more typically displaced upon those women who make of love a profession and actually take care to initiate the youth into the sexual life. For this reason the remainder of the mother complex is idealized and the mother transformed to a pure virgin woman, toward whom no man dares direct his desire. Similarly is it with the loved one, whom one chooses after the pattern of the mother.

So Eisener expresses himself warmly. "Maria is not made for love, only for reverence."

Yet without the child's craving for the mother²¹ he would not have become a compulsive neurotic,²² with all the hypermorality of the latter, pride in his moral purity and extravagant self reproaches, even a lustful self laceration after he had at one single time been overpowered by sensuality. Furthermore his lack of resoluteness, decisiveness and courage is not, as he mentions, the result of his myopia but of his neurosis. He has developed himself, out of an unconscious rivalry, in direct contrast to his intensely narrow-minded father. The latter was only a tradesman, who set his comfort above everything, for whom art had value only in so far as it increased his own enjoyment of life. So painting becomes the son's chief delight in spite of his exaggerated myopia or perhaps just on account of it. He bore his father's tyranny with difficulty²³ and with inner protest. His tendency toward the free kingdom of art stood in contrast to him, and in the same way he sought on the other hand a substitute for the mother in every woman. He offered up for his sin the dreams of his youth when he first believed that his moral nature was stained and became as a result, as even the elder feels uneasily, an over obedient son.

How had this so easily befallen him with a mother so deeply honored! Around her spun all the boy's love desire and twined itself about her, and all that lava heated feeling belonging so peculiarly to the child alone. He had hung upon that idol the longing of his heart, the phantasies of a power of imagination lustfully excited, which is not indeed wanting in the best of children, although commonly these are inhibited, and later even completely forgotten because of restraining moral impulses. Therefore the memory of the highly honored mother is awakened not only through Maria, the pure one, but also through Julie, who comes into contact with his sensual desire and the unclean childish phantasies slumbering in the last analysis behind this. It is interesting how strikingly the poet is able to point out that double emotion in Eisener's soul.

There the moral restraining impulses were first crowded back by the wine plentifully pressed upon him, which he, accustomed

²¹ One thinks of Eisener's panegyric: "Before her clear look confusion cannot exist, the coarse word of insolence sinks back unspoken into the shame filled breast. The brightness of a lost paradise shines from her eyes upon the fallen bringing pain and warning, the consolation of eternal pity smiles upon the penitent."

²² Like Otto Ludwig himself.

²³ The well-known psychic overcompensation in congenital organic inferiority.

from his early years to moderation, could tolerate in only the smallest amount. Now "the sly Julie seemed to him ever more charming. A play of glances began between the two, which appeared to make the young hunter jealous. On the other hand Eisener himself felt something similar when his neighbor on the left addressed to the earnest Maria words which did not conceal the liking she had inspired. He listened to her replies almost with fear and was delighted that there was not audible in them the least response to this inclination, and then he wondered at himself over this same division in his nature. In Julie's dark eyes glowed a flame, of which he felt how it kindled him and that its fire must attract more and more to itself without his being able to defend himself from it, yes, without his wishing to be able to do it." To be sure when "the slender Maria stood like a holy picture behind Julie, the alluring child of the world with all her seductive graces sank low in value in contrast to the former. He felt the need to be open with himself." Transparency was a necessity to him from his youth, as an inheritance from his wise mother. "Then Breitung thrust with his glass against Eisener's refilled one. Laughing and drinking he found the motley interchange of the liveliest ideas outwardly, which already had taken the place of quiet thought, soon becoming less and less menacing and finally even agreeable and desirable."

His sexual excitement, heightened besides through the plentiful indulgence in alcohol and the general boisterousness, was brought to a high pitch by an episode with the passionate Julie. Eisener had to leave the room with her during a social game. "A strange thing happened to him, for as he bent down in the adjoining room in the dark to the quick breathing Julie, instead of her ear her burning mouth met his mouth, and the soft pulsating form fell as if fainting into his arms. Wrestling with himself, striving to keep his senses, he seized her arm involuntarily and stood again with her in the assembly room before he was conscious what it was all about."

Is not this behavior of the youth burning with desire peculiarly strange? What if behind it there is fixed a memory perhaps of a scene with the mother, who brought him to his senses by seizing his arm? Yet, it might always be so for him, he had found the power once more to withstand the hot temptation. Not to be sure without subsequent remorse. For when he later sought his room he could not go to sleep and "his phantasy conjured up again, as often as he resisted it, that dark room about him and the bewitching Julie in his arms. He regretted a thousand times, so much did he distress

himself, his joy at his instinctive flight, that he had not drunk that sweet poison to the full, whose mere touch had brought his whole being to this feverish pulsation."

He sought now to find cooling for his heated blood in the garden, and in fact the fragrance of the flowers and the rustling of the leaves so soothed his excited mind that gradually the sense of a pleasant languor came over him. In a half unconsciousness he went upstairs again and back to bed. He was just falling asleep when he saw a white form enter, whose features he could not because of his shortsightedness make out. As it disrobed and came toward him, he first, as if seeking for help, reached with his hands toward the side where his friend should be sleeping. He did not however find him, he apparently had been put into another room. "The thought of being alone for the first time with a womanly being in the security of night crept over him at first like icecold drops, then like the glow of fire over all his nerves. His heart pounded audibly as the figure climbed into his bed. The strangeness and adventure of the situation was not fitted to work rationally upon the intoxicated man, whose excitement throbbed into his finger tips. The power of the warning inner voice disappeared with his reason and the strife was brief before nature came off conqueror."

I have before this sketched Maria's character development up to the time when Eisener came into her life. Yet one point may be added. She had retained one single influence from her childhood in spite of all change in her seventh year, which "with the beginning of maturity appeared only occasionally and as it were in secret. The moon had been her dearly beloved and her desire; as a small child she had been able to look at the moon for hours without intermission. If she was sick her mother or nurse must carry her to the window through which she might look upon the friend of her small soul." About half a year before her acquaintance with Eisener "the moon had made its influence felt upon her sleep, as it had before affected her waking. At the time of the full moon she often left her couch, dressed herself and went up into the corner room in the pavilion. Here she stood for some time and turned her closed eyes toward the moon. Then she dropped the curtain, undressed and lay down in the bed, which stood in the spot where she had been used to sleep as a child. As soon as the moon had left the windows of this room or shone through the windows of her present sleeping room, she arose again, dressed herself and returned. She herself knew nothing of these wanderings, and whatever was done to

awaken her during them was in vain. The physician thought that these attacks of moon walking would disappear finally when maturity was established, or at least at her first confinement."

In this picture from a layman are some new and striking features. First is the love—one can call it nothing else—which the child betows upon the planet. Why is the moon her beloved and her desire from childhood up, why can she stand by the hour looking at it, why does she long when sick to be laid so that she can look at it all the time? He who observes children knows that such extreme love, which endures for years without wearying of it, and finally that ability to stare steadily at the moon, must have a sexual content, although naturally no one will admit this. Only when the object, in our case the heavenly body, is sexually stimulating is the love for it enduring for all time, undergoing no change, no abatement of feeling for it. As Maria's erotism later found satisfaction in her father, her love toward the moon steadily receded. But at the entrance upon puberty her sexual impulse increased and she began to wander in the moonlight. The love finally, which Eisener inspires in her, together with the strong sexual excitement, which the fête the day before had called forth in her, occasions again an attack, in which she surrenders herself willingly to the beloved.

The folk, like the family physician, have not a doubt of the sexual basis of the moon mania with her as with individuals in general. When puberty is established or she has a child of her own the attacks will cease, is the opinion of the latter. The servant maid Grete also, a living book of fairy tales among her people, explains the moon wandering as nothing else than the result of an unsatisfied sense desire. There was a young knight who had wooed a rich woman of gentle birth. Shortly before midnight they were both led into the bridal chamber. "Yet hardly were they alone together when a strange voice outside before the castle called, 'Conrad, come down here! Conrad, come down here!' And again it called, 'Conrad, come down here!' The voice sounded so plaintive and at the same time so threatening. The bridegroom said, 'That is my best friend; he is in need and calls me.' The maiden said however, 'The voice belongs to my cousin, who was found dead two years ago.' Then she shuddered so that the gooseflesh stood up over her whole body," and she implored her bridegroom not to follow the evil spirit or at least to remain with her until the ghostly hour was past and the full moon was up. But he would not be restrained: "Be it an evil spirit or a good, no one shall call me in vain!" "And he

went out. The lady went to the window but could see nothing for the darkness outside and for the tears in her eyes. Then the haunted hour was over and the full moon arose and she waited and waited, but the knight never returned. Then she swore to take no rest on a night when the moon was full until she had gone to bed with her bridegroom. And as her first bridegroom never and nevermore came back, so she waited for another, but there was no one who knew her story who would woo her, because each one thought it would fare with him as it had fared with that other. Thus she died; her oath is however still unfulfilled. Whenever it is full moon, she is looking out to see if any bridegroom comes and she laments sorely, and holds her hands weeping toward the moon."

In this folk tale the exclusively sexual foundation of the wandering is quite plainly expressed. The ghost makes use of a voice, complaining and threatening at the same time, which the bridegroom believes to be the call for help of his best friend, and the bride on the other hand imagines it the voice of her cousin, who had been found dead two years before, perhaps after she had taken her own life because unhappy in love. Both may be driven by sexual jealousy—I offer this as a hypothesis—which would not permit the other sexual gratification which is denied to himself or herself, the friend perhaps meaning jealousy from a homosexual tendency. The ghost having accomplished its purpose at the hour of midnight and in the light of the full moon, the lady swore "to take no rest on a night when the moon was full until she had gone to bed with her bridegroom." That is the kernel of the entire myth, the naïve and yet apparently conclusive folk interpretation of the riddle of moon walking, at least in its most frequent form.

I have above taken it for granted that Maria's erotism was satisfied through her care for her father. That must of course be understood with some qualification. For she could play the rôle of mother only as housekeeper, not as wife. The former is satisfying therefore only so long, until stronger sexual impulses awaken through external stimuli or, according to rule, through the natural development of a maiden. When once that has come to pass, one so disposed to it as Maria was, begins to wander in the moonlight. Why then, it may further be asked, does Maria seek for her childhood bed, if the goal and the aim of the wandering is the sexual satisfaction of the maiden? In the case analyzed at the beginning the compelling motive was a sexual self stimulation upon the mother, in later years in the loved object whoever it was, male or female.

In most cases, since normal sexual feeling predominates, the aim of the sleep walking is that of the folk tale, to go to bed with the lover. That would explain without difficulty the scene of the union in Maria's case, as soon as she had come to know Eisener.

But what lay specially at the foundation of her earlier wandering, when no man had yet made an impression upon her? Or was there perhaps one, in relation to whom sexuality is most strongly forbidden, her own father? What if her erotic desire toward him was repressed and the indifference which she had attained was transferred over to all men? Much that is apparently harmless is permitted to a child, which would be regarded with horror in the adult. Many parents like to take their children into bed early in the morning and play with them without any consciously sexual thoughts and without suspecting how very often they in this way stimulate sexual desire in their children. Frequently also the mother or father visit the child before going to sleep, lean over the bed, allow themselves often to press the child passionately to themselves and count this asexual love toward the child. The case analyzed at the beginning teaches us how much of the grossly sexual erotic is concealed behind this, even if well hidden. Maria likewise sought presumably in her sleep walking for the bed of her childhood because her earliest erotism was bound with it.

This had already happened under the instigation of puberty, before her heart had spoken. How is it now since she loves Eisener? We must keep in mind her unconscious wish, to climb into the bed of the man she loves, and on the other hand that Maria as house-mother knew well that he was not sleeping alone, but with his friend, so only a compromise form of action would be possible. She goes up again to her childhood room, which lies in the same direction as Eisener's sleeping room. There she first draws the curtain aside that she may gaze at the moon, which increases the sexual excitement with her, as I have earlier discussed. Then she undresses before the mirror as she probably had done as a child, and moves forward toward the beloved one, who after a brief struggle with himself embraces her passionately. She nevertheless submits to his caresses without response but also without resistance. For thus alone can the fiction be maintained that she has loved without consciousness of it and therefore also without culpability. It is not difficult, according to the analysis of the first case, to understand how she finally at the withdrawal of the moonlight gets up again,

dresses herself before the mirror and leaves the room as noiselessly as she had entered it.

The later portions of the narrative must confirm my assumptions if they are correct, that Eisener merely embraces the mother in Maria and that she on the other hand knows well enough in the unconscious both as child and as maiden that she wishes for that which is sexually forbidden and knows whom she desires. Let us see what the poet tells us. As Eisener awakes after the bridal night, he is not at all invigorated and uplifted as otherwise a man in like case, but psychically and physically cast down, as if he had to atone for some great wrong. "He strove to consider the strange adventure of this night as the delusion of a fevered dream. Yet that adventure painted itself before him, in spite of all his effort to forget it, in ever more vivid colors," because indeed a wish of his heart had been fulfilled through it. His inner unrest drove him forth and, as walking about he met his beloved, he marveled "that Maria seemed taller to him today than yesterday, or rather that he believed that he first noticed today that she was tall." What could this mean except that Maria now seemed big to him as once the mother had seemed to the small boy? Only he had first to embrace his beloved, before he could perceive such a thing and give heed to it. Maria herself, who apparently had enjoyed her pleasure only in her sleep and unconsciously, and therefore knew nothing of it all, had lost her frank manner with him, which she still possessed the day before. She grew red at his look and drew the hand which she gave him "quickly back again in confused fear," without consciously knowing why. "The flower of womanhood which had slumbered in her too serene, too cold image, appeared in this one night to have come with magic swiftness to bud and immediately to have unfolded in all its fragrance." Maria herself pictures her condition: "That morning I can never forget. Everything was so still, so solemn; the guests were all yet asleep. I had never been so strong of heart. I felt that morning as if all my life before had been only a dream and life was now just beginning. It seemed to me that I had suddenly become grown up and was now for the first time a child no more." Maria also felt herself through the bridal night to have grown up from the child to the mother, only, now, it was for the lover who had taken the father's place.

Both Eisener and Maria conducted themselves further entirely in accordance with their earlier unconscious wishes. The former for example "found a growing pleasure in representing his own

action, when it was really the effect of many circumstances acting one upon the other, as the result of a cold, calm calculation on his part." And was it not at bottom actually something like a calculation, since he in his earliest childhood phantasies imagined something similar for himself from the mother? It is only natural that he now greatly exaggerated in consciousness the sin which he had desired. Never for a moment did it occur to him "to throw any part of the burden of guilt upon that being who so closely participated in it. His rightful feeling remained in regard to it that he had this night given to a woman a right to himself, which he, if she should demand it, could not dispute. It was a source of calmness to him to look upon himself as punished, as it were, in this manner." Only all too evident! This punishment was in reality a disguised reward, fulfilment of the infantile wish to win the mother.²⁴ For this reason he had not been able earlier to withstand Julie although Maria attracted him far more. For the former was the indulgent mother of his power of imagination, the latter on the contrary the proud, unapproachable mother of his real childhood. Moreover, though he did not conceal from himself that his heart belonged to the chaste Maria, yet he resolved, if Julie should convince him that she had been the ghostly visitor, to offer her his hand immediately. "The doubt, whether she deserved it, which was near enough at hand, he put from him as an excuse which he wished to make so that he could believe that he might release himself from that which he had to recognize as his duty." Maria however "he had in these days accustomed himself to think of as a being so high above him that his love must profane her." Again the well known splitting of the mother into the holy and the yielding one.

How did it appear at this time to her, herself? The first weeks after that moonlight night the woman in her bloomed forth more and more, in spite of the fact that her lover tarried at a distance. Still when in her body a new life began to develop and Eisener still did not appear, she was seized suddenly with a hysterical convulsion—she was wearing significantly the same rose-colored dress in which he had seen her that morning—which lasted twelve hours so that every one looked upon her as dead. The despairing father threw himself across her feet and lay there—a situation which will occupy us later—and Eisener, who was just now returning, was

²⁴ Cf. with this also the interesting passage . . . "the passionate self accusations, in torturing himself with which he found comfort a short time before."

driven by the bitterest self reproaches across the ocean. After waking from her catalepsy Maria did not regain her former blooming health but grew more and more ill, which the family physician finally discovered as the result of her pregnancy.

"The good girl herself believed at first that what she felt and what they told her was a vivid troubled dream." This idea will not appear strange to us who know so much about moon walking and that one does everything merely "in sleep" in order to remain blameless. "That she should become a mother seemed to her so strange and wonderful that she appeared to herself as some one else (this might well read, as her own mother dead at so early an age) or as suddenly transplanted into another world with strange people, animals and trees. The sound of her own voice, the tone of the bells seemed to her as other and strange sounds." We may bring forward in explanation in this place the case analyzed at the beginning, where a moon walker had abandoned herself to all sorts of dreams. In the moon must be living men of another sort with other feelings, customs and manners, and the sexual, strongly forbidden upon earth, must be freely permitted upon this planet. She seemed to herself on account of her sexual phantasies already as a child quite different from other people, as if she belonged not upon this earth but upon the moon. Could not a similar thought process have taken place with Maria?

I said of her father, that he had been her first beloved. And it comes almost as an unconscious recognition of this when he, filled with anger, calls out to her mockingly, "Why do you not say that the whole affair has come to pass out of love to me, to prepare for me an unexpected joy?" Breitung also enjoyed since her earliest childhood her unlimited confidence only on this account because he loved her as his own child. Therefore she looks up with all her anxiety so trustfully and self confidently to this friend of her father. But when Breitung also no longer believed in her and her father turned from her with scorn it was "as if all her blood streamed into her eyes that, pressing out as tears, it might relieve her. Yet here it remained and pressed upon her brain as if threatening its fibers. With a strangely fearful haste she pressed her eyes with her fingers; they remained dry; a cry of pain would unburden her soul—no sound accompanied the trembling, convulsive breathing. The old servant, who entered after a while, found her lying with her breast upon the sofa pillow, her head thrown violently back," in hysterical opisthotonos. "The old man had loved Maria from her earliest

childhood" and stood accordingly in the place of a father. "He clasped his hands together in distress. She recognized him and suffered him patiently to bring her head to a less forced position. She looked at him sharply as if she would convince herself that he was the one she took him to be. His Kalmuck features seemed to her as beautiful as the soul which they hid and seemed to want to disown.

The friendliness, the affectionate regard, which spoke so unmistakably out of the familiar old graybearded, sunburnt face, did her no end of good. Since she could not yet entirely believe she asked, "Is it indeed you, Justin? And you will still recognize me? And you do not flee from me?" At first the deplorable commission which the old man had to carry out threw her back again. When she had to understand that her father would not again set foot in the pastor's house until she had departed, her countenance became deathly pale and convulsive movements trembled in quick succession over her delicate body so that the old man wept aloud, for he believed that she had gone mad. His signs of distress, the faithfulness and love which spoke through them, touched her so effectually that at last the hysterical convulsion relaxed and she sank down. "The old man caught her up. He placed her on the sofa. She lay across his lap; her head lay upon his left hand, with the other he held her body fast that it should not slip to the floor. It seemed as if she would weep her whole weary self away. The old servant held her with trembling hand and heavy heart." Now the scene of childhood is complete, except that the old man plays the rôle of her father. So had Maria presumably done as a child when she felt too unhappy and so also the pastor's throwing himself down, as we saw above, over his daughter whom he believed dead, is not strange.

When Maria had left the parsonage her first thought and silent concern was how her father must now live without her care, even that perhaps he would not be there any more, when everything had later turned out well. Then she thought again of the time when she would be a mother and "her life seemed to her as a tale that is told." On her journey to her new home there came over her ever more strongly "the feeling of her complete abandonment. All the dear childhood memories, into whose protection she would flee, turned in anger from her. With tears she cried to God for a heart that she might love, some one for whom she might really care. For it seemed as if a curse lay upon her, which estranged all hearts from her. She thought with fear at her heart that the being to whom she would give life might likewise turn from her, as everything had

done that she loved." Then a good fate brings to her the unfortunate Johannes whom his crazy father wished to throw into the water in order to preserve him for eternal happiness. At once Maria assumes the rôle of mother toward the boy and now "that once more she had to care for some one, she was again the calm and serene being."

What had so thrown her out of her course? It was not so much the banishment from the father's house, not the contempt of all the world, nor even of her very oldest and truest friend. She would have been able to look beyond both of these, because her consciousness felt itself entirely blameless. But she took so to her herself the truth that she was no more the loving, caretaking house mother nor might play that part, that for a brief while she planned to take her life. She prayed to God with tears for one heart only that she might love, that she might actually care for. Since the care of her father is taken from her she feels herself at first truly and utterly forlorn, all the dear memories of childhood turn in anger from her and a curse seems to rest upon her soul.

Why do all the memories of her childhood turn from her, if she actually knows herself guiltless? Is this merely because the father is indissolubly bound with them? If she still consciously feels entirely blameless toward him, and if he openly did her wrong from a false assumption, then should not the childhood memories return to her? I think the solution must be sought elsewhere, in this, that Maria knew nothing in clear consciousness of the happenings of that moonlight night and could honestly swear to that, but everything was known in the unconscious. Here is the sense of guilt engendered, of which consciousness may know nothing, here she knows well enough that the youthful Eisener has embraced her and she has together with him deceived the father whom she first loved. The goal of all moon walking is none other than to be able to enjoy and still be blameless, it is blamelessness because without accompanying consciousness.

The poet's words must confirm this, if this assumption is correct. We will test them. The first night of her banishment Maria, while going to sleep, thought first of her father "who must go to bed without the little services which he was accustomed to receive from her." Then she thought of Breitung and the apothecary's daughter, who had turned from her full of scorn. "The young Eisener occurred to her in the midst of this, she knew not how, and a sort of curiosity whether Eisener also would have turned from her in so

unfriendly a fashion as Breitung. She pictured to herself how he might have looked upon her now with contempt, now with friendliness, as on that morning which she so gladly remembered." Also an evident identification of the young Eisener with the father and the father's friend, and flight from the loved ones who had cast her off to him who had inclined to her as a friend.

Yet more convincing is a passage which follows. Maria had born a son and "the more she looked with joy upon the small infant contemplating his sound and beautiful body, the more grew the need within her, only instinctively felt at first, to have some one who could rejoice in the child with her, not out of mere sympathy with her, but because he had the same right to it and so that she could rejoice again in his joy, as he might in hers. Without knowing how and why, she thought again of the friendly and true hearted Eisener. Her dreams brought his picture before her eyes in most vivid colors. It seemed as if it were Eisener who should enjoy the child with her. She hastened to him with tears of joy to lay the beautiful boy in his arms, and when she now stood by him, she had scarcely the heart to show him the boy. Then she cast down her eyes and said confusedly, "See this beautiful child, Eisener, Sir!" Maria knew quite well in the unconscious that she had conceived her child from Eisener and the sudden restraint when she laid the boy in his arms is only a compromise with consciousness, which must not know the facts, otherwise she could not be spared her feeling of guilt. Yes, when Julie then came with her love child, which she had conceived that same moonlight night from the hunter, although she really loved Eisener, then "Maria experienced, she knew not why, a gentle aversion toward her. She said quietly, 'That in which one has done no wrong and cannot change, one must bear patiently.'"

Soon however there awoke a desire in her "for something new, still unknown to her, which she nevertheless felt must come now. It was the strange, fearfully sweet condition of the ripeness of love, which had not yet found the object on which she could open her heart. That night a need awakened, formerly repressed into the background by greater pain, but which threatened now to outgrow other desires and feelings in the undisputed possession of him." Often she sat knitting and dreaming at the boy's cradle. "There was a fair at Marklinde. She went early in her rose-colored dress into the garden and plucked wild hedge roses. She was startled for she heard a noise behind her and she knew that it was Eisener who was coming after her. She turned into another path; she was

afraid to meet him, and yet she wished that he would follow her. As she bent low behind some flowers, she threw a hasty look behind her. She grew rosy because he might have noticed the look, and still it would have made her glad if he had noticed it. 'Yet if he knew everything,' she whispered to herself; 'but I could not tell him, nor could I let him perceive it. I would have to say No, although he understood it as Yes!' Suddenly he stood near her; he had seized her hand and was looking into her eyes. She bowed her head, he bent toward her. It seemed so strange to her—their lips touched—Maria frightened and blushing, sprang involuntarily from her chair, as if what she was dreaming were real.

"A strangely mingled feeling drove her from her chair to the window and from the window back to the chair. She felt herself stirred in her very depths by something which wounded her sensibility as much as it excited her longing. She fled to her child. She strove to think of something else; in vain. That thought continually returned and gradually lost its frightful character. Soon she felt it only as a sweet dread and so the idea received a double stimulation while it woke the curious question, why and for what reason she must really be afraid. And as she looked now upon the child, it seemed to her so marvellous that she, mother and yet maiden, knew nothing of the happiness of which this little life must be the fruit. Julie's words were continually ringing in her ears, 'The happiness which is granted him, has to be reckoned too dear.' It gave her unending satisfaction, to think of herself actually in such a situation to the young Eisener that all her unhappiness was the result of a joy which she had granted him, without knowing what joy this must have been." I consider it superfluous to add a word to complete the interpretation of these phantasies, which speak for themselves. They confirm everything that I have said above, better than any labored explanation. Later Maria came to know that what had sustained her in the hours of her sorrow was nothing else than that mysterious but certain premonition of a happy life with Eisener and her George."

And now back to the purpose of the analysis of all these tales. What does it teach us for the understanding of moon walking? First of all it confirms many of our earlier conclusions. The most important thing, in the first place, is that sexual impulses lie at the foundation, desire for sexual gratification, and that one apparently acts in sleep in order to escape all culpability, while the unconscious still knows all about it. The sleep walking begins, in accordance

with the sexual basic motive, at the time of puberty and lasts until it is inhibited by the close of that period or in women with the birth of the first child. It is further established that at the beginning the bed of childhood is sought, the place of earlier sexual pleasures, later however the bed of the loved object, who appears in the place of the originally loved object, the parent. Finally, moreover, when the night wanderer fixes his closed eyes upon the moon before starting out on his wandering, erotic thoughts hide behind this, which in turn go back to earliest childhood. The heavenly body effects a sexual excitement not only through its light, but indeed also through sexual phantasies which are bound with it. Lastly folk myth knows likewise that the woman in white represents nothing else than the maiden in her night shift with all her sexual longings.

One thing more this novel also confirms, which our earlier discoveries have already taught us, the abnormal muscle excitability and muscle erotic. For Maria was seized with a hysterical convulsion when her father's unkindness pressed itself upon her. It is interesting that this abnormal muscle excitability, which manifested itself in various muscular convulsions, was present with Otto Ludwig throughout his earthly career. Already as a boy he often suffered convulsive muscular twitchings, when he had exceptional tasks to perform or hard thinking was required of him, and "nervous twitchings of the head" are recorded of him when twenty-three years old, also presumably a tic had won for him the nickname of "the shaker." Later moreover our poet suffered chronically from convulsive manifestations of a lesser degree, repeatedly however in a stronger, special form although only in temporary attacks.²⁵

In other words, it may be said that Ludwig assigns to Maria and the young Eisener a series of his own personal characteristics. That is to say, not only was the tendency to convulsive attacks peculiar to him, but also to fainting, and a compulsive neurotic and hysterical tendency, the high grade myopia, a fondness for discussing painting, talking with inanimate things,²⁶ colored audition,

²⁵ Cf. with this especially Ernest Jentsch, "Das Pathologische bei Otto Ludwig," "Grenzfragen des Nerven- und Seelenlebens," published by L. Löwenfeld, No. 90.

²⁶ Cf. here the poet's words: "It is strange that nature is personified for me, that I not only live in her, but as one human being with another, exchanging, not merely receiving, thoughts and feelings, and even so, that

as well as other synesthesias, and finally a special reverence for his mother.

"BUSCHNOVELLE," by Otto Ludwig.

The moon plays an important part in the romance just discussed, even apart from Maria's night wandering, and a number of significant events take place under its very light. We find this relationship still stronger in Otto Ludwig's "Buschnovelle," briefly referred to earlier, which I add here, though it really does not directly treat of our problems. The heroine Pauline passed with many as moon struck and her blue eyes "have a strange expression of their own. They gaze as aliens upon this world, as angels, which, transplanted to our marvelous earth, belong to the heavenly home and cannot find themselves amid this confused and agitated humanity." Likewise his bride asserts of the count that he knows no other recreation "than to climb about in the night over the rocks and worship the moon." This perhaps gave occasion to the rumor of a ghost or at least breathed new life into an old tale.

A prince was banished under an enchantment to the rocks of the gods. He had "a face as of a person twenty years old or so, but pale and quite transparent like moonlight, and he could be rescued only through a maiden eighteen years old and as innocent as when she came from the mother's womb." The count, whom his bride deceived, became very melancholy over it and trusted no woman after this. He learned to know and love Pauline upon the rocks of the gods, where he was accustomed to wander in the moonlight. When she believed she saw in him the enchanted prince and declared her intention of voluntarily rescuing him, he stipulated that she must climb down from off the rocks, down from the cross, without touching them with her hands but holding her arms toward the full moon. "And that must take place tomorrow night when the moon is sailing overhead, otherwise I must remain enchanted. When you shall have climbed down the rocks, I will be saved and then I will make you my princess." One may read afterward from the poet how Pauline then carried out her resolve—her determination alone, sprung evidently from a great love, had already cured the count of his sadness—how the count saved her and later wooed her.

different places become as individual to me, distinct from others and, as it were, transformed in consciousness, so that I not only feel that they effect an influence upon me but it seems to me as if I work upon them, and the forms, as they appear to me, show the traces of this influence." Further: "I . . . who stood even in a wonderful mutual understanding with mountain and flora, because the kingdom of love was not to be restrained. . . ."

Emphasis will be laid here merely upon two facts, first that not only all important events happen in the light of the full moon, but that also no other novel shows so many autobiographical features. The most recent publisher of this tale, Heinrich Borchardt, gives this explanation: "One can recognize without much trouble in the portrait of the count with his well-trimmed beard the poet himself, who at that time tended to great seriousness and to melancholy. For this very reason the cheerfulness, gaiety and unrestrained naturalness of his bride Emilie worked most refreshingly upon him. Pauline in the tale exercised a similar influence upon the count. What we know of Emilie Ludwig from without agrees likewise with the picture of Pauline. Pauline's father suggests Emilie's father. . . . The greatest weight will be laid upon the fact that we possess in this work a poetic glorification of Otto Ludwig's love happiness in Triebischtal. The rural life is reproduced in every detail." Nothing unfortunately is reported in the different sketches of his life whether and how far the poet and his bride allowed themselves to be influenced by the light of the full moon. The striking fact remains at any rate that twice in the course of two years he spun out this theme and each time moreover with a strongly autobiographical note. That cannot be sufficiently explained merely through the influence of Tieck, whom he, to be sure, read diligently in his youth.

"LEBENSMAGIE, WIRKLICHKEIT UND TRAUM," by Theodor Mundt ("Life's Magic, Reality and Dream").

In the seventh volume of the "Euphorion" Richard M. Meyer has exhumed a probable source of Ludwig's "Maria." It is a fictitious tale of the "young German" Theodor Mundt, which appeared in his collection "Charaktere und Situationen" in 1837, five years before the "Maria," and shows in fact some external similarities with this. Still Otto Ludwig expressly acknowledges a tale told by a friend as the source, but gives no syllable of mention to Mundt. I must say that it seems at least very questionable that the latter's story was the model, although the Berlin literary historian comes to the conclusion, "A direct utilization would be here difficult to dispute." I will reproduce the contents of this story, as far as it touches our problems, as closely as possible in the words of Mundt, although this story, which is contained in the collection mentioned under the separate title of "Lebensmagie, Wirklichkeit und Traum," hardly possesses an artistic value.

(To be continued)

ABSTRACTS

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1. The Double. O. RANK.
2. The Fish as Sexual Symbol. R. EISLER.
3. The Sexual in the Theology of the Mormons. T. SCHROEDER.

1. *The Double*.¹—Rank begins this study of an ancient theme in folk thought and poetic production by the utilization of a modern cinematographic film. He suggests that perhaps this modern form of presentation may lead closer to an interpretation of the theme than the mere poetic production since the moving picture in some degree approaches the dream presentation. Ewers, the author of the cinema film in question, the "Student von Prag," is a poet of some rank. His film drama tells the story of a youth who makes a contract with an old man permitting him to take whatever he wants from the room. The old man takes the youth's reflection in the mirror, which follows the old man out of the door and out to the street. Hereafter the hero of the tale is constantly surprised by the sudden appearance of his double, whenever particularly at any pursuit of pleasure or other important point in his actions. Especially did it appear to hinder every advance of love, until finally fleeing madly from the specter, the young man decides to end his life and sits down to make his will, only to see his double still grinning at him. Maddened he shoots at the figure, which disappears. A mirror however discloses for the first time since the contract his reflection, but at the same moment he discovers that he himself is wounded. He dies and the old man appears to tear up the contract. In the last picture the double sits on his grave accompanied by this old man in the form of a black, ill-omened bird.

¹ We use interchangeably the original term Doppelgänger as the English has no exact equivalent.

This poet was probably influenced by E. Th. A. Hoffmann, who has written largely upon this theme, which finds a place in most of his works. In one instance the hero leaves his mirror image with his loved one, and he becomes the sport of those about him because of the absence of any reflection of himself and his avoidance of mirrors, where he fears to see his loss revealed. This story, interwoven with that of another likewise afflicted, contains the same disastrous effect of the loss of the image upon the pursuit of love and contains the element of madness. The same independent existence attributed to a man's shadow as to his mirrored image is made the subject of a tale by Andersen. Here there is further developed the idea of persecution of the man by his shadow which leads an independent existence. A Swedish tale relates how Anna in order to preserve her youth and beauty received a charm before her marriage which prevented her having the seven children which should have been hers, but at the price of her shadow. Her husband discovered this loss once in the moonlight and put her away. After seven years of penance Anna was absolved and reconciled to God after the shadows of her seven unborn children had appeared to her in a chapel. Goethe, R. L. Stevenson and others are mentioned as using this motive of the *Doppelgänger*. Another form of it is expressed in the similarity of two persons who cross one another's pathways. Hoffmann has a tale of a parabolic identification of one such man with another with delusions of being watched and persecuted, combined with erotomania, and a strong ego feeling chiefly of self distrust. The torturing delusions of the one are enhanced by the actual appearance of the other, who is also mentally afflicted, both being, unknown to each other, the sons of one father. Here and in another work of the same author, the second individual is conceived by the first to be his double or his own mirrored image. Jean Paul has treated the theme by using the *Amphytrion* motive, where the lover in the double form is utilized to seduce the loved ones. Sometimes the Ego appears as a strange specter. Sometimes there is a host of Egos about the subject of the phantasy. Jean Paul has followed the same thought as Fichte in his philosophic conception of transcendental idealism, perhaps to bring the ego idea to *reductio ad absurdum*, perhaps merely to express it in poetic form.

A humorous treatment of the same theme by Raimund also contains the idea of the close association of the two figures, so that the fate of the one is bound with that of the other. Raimund also introduces the element of the power of the image upon growing old or becoming young. Oscar Wilde has treated this also in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," in which the deepest problem of the Ego is the fear of growing old. Dorian Gray wishes upon his portrait all the traces of age and sin so that he himself may always remain young and beautiful. But he watches these marks gathering upon the picture before him until he

learns to fear and loathe his own soul and his former infatuation with his own beauty becomes abhorrence of his own Ego. After slaying the painter of the picture he attempts to destroy the picture, but at the moment when he slashes it through he falls to the floor aged and distorted with the knife through his own heart, while the picture is restored to his former beauty.

Other developments of this motive show in it also the same meaning, in the form of a double consciousness, two personalities separated through amnesia. Maupassant has treated of the double existence as a delusion. The hero of his "Le Horla" suffers from anxiety neurosis, which tortures him especially at night. At last he discovers himself spied upon, watched, controlled, persecuted by the Horla, which lives either in him or near him, and which suddenly appears to him. The Horla was invisible, but once before his mirror the hero felt him near, even stroking his ear, and then saw, astonished, that his own image was not in the mirror. The impenetrable body of the figure he thought prevented his seeing his own reflection and then once more he saw himself, first in a mist, as if through water, which slowly ran away, leaving his image clear once more in the mirror. The afflicted man burns down the house with all within it after he has shut up the double securely in it, but in doubt whether he could be thus destroyed, and reflects that suicide is the only escape for himself. Musset, as well as Maupassant in another story represents the double as a dark, fearsome figure, with whom the original does not wish to be alone. He either seeks to escape loneliness through marriage or the figure appears to disturb love reveries. Loneliness is conceived as companionship with one's own Ego, objectified as the Doppelgänger. Jean Paul tells of an old man who, transported in his thought and feeling to childhood, looked and spoke as such before the reflection of his aged face in the glass, forgetting his present existence. Ribot relates that a man of much intelligence had the ability to summon his double before him and talk and laugh with it until finally he became convinced that he was being pursued by himself and that the other self continually tormented and teased him and he decided to make an end to his life. Once he questions the apparition, who disappears as he answers and the man sees no one. "I was alone and opposite me stood a mirror, in which I was imprisoned. . . . Had I spoken to myself? Had I left my body and was I just now for the first time returned to it? Who knows. . . . Or had I myself turned back to myself like Narcissus and had I then met the future forms of my Ego and beckoned to them? Who knows . . . ?"

Edgar Allen Poe's story of "William Wilson" has for its subject the relation of the hero to his double, whom he met at school, so one with him in appearance and in the events of his life that he regarded him as a twin brother. The double is at first a true comrade, but afterward

a most feared rival. The one difference lay in the fact that the double could only speak in a whisper, but this was a complete echo of the hero's speech. William was unable to withdraw himself from the dominating influence of this comrade. His name became doubly hateful to him because his double bore it. The boy finally escapes from the school and sees no more of the double until years after at a drinking bout in the midst of a dissolute life it appears and whispers the one warning word "William Wilson" and disappears. He appears again on a similar occasion and causes the hero such shame that he leaves Oxford and wanders from place to place, frequently meeting the double who exercises the same warning function. At last he challenges the latter, wounds him and is horrified to see in a mirror that he himself is mortally wounded while the double stands in his place and speaks now as if Wilson himself were speaking: "You have the victory; I am conquered. Yet, from now on you are also dead—dead to the world, heaven and hope! In me you lived—and now I die, here, see, in the image which is your own, as you have murdered yourself."

Dostojewski has given this theme a deep psychological treatment in "Der Doppelgänger." The hero, because of a mental illness, considers all his painful experiences as persecution of his enemies. It is a masterly drawing of the paranoiac disease picture and of its insidious confusion with all reality. The hero Godälkin begins in a manner hardly fitting his official station to press himself socially upon the attention of his superiors and then feels himself pursued and watched, persecuted by enemies, who point at him with the finger, call his name, etc. Wandering the streets at midnight to escape his enemies, it seems to him "as if he wanted to hide from himself, as if he most wanted to run away from himself." Suddenly a figure appears before him who seems to speak to him. Then a man, whom he believes one of those in the league against him appears to follow along exactly as he goes. A third time he thinks he sees the same man and after this, frequently, no sooner does he think of the man than he is there. Finally he enters Goljädkin's house ahead of him and when the latter, following him, reaches his room there sits on his bed his mysterious friends who proves to be none other than another Herr Goljädkin and yet "Herr Goljädkin himself—yes . . . what is called a double." From now on the persecutions seem more and more clearly to proceed from this being and the persecutory ideas are greatly strengthened. The new self usurps his place of business and manifests all the characteristics of the original. At first the latter tries to enlist his aid against his enemies, but soon comes to regard him as the chief of them. The hero is pursued even in his dreams and finally challenges the double to a duel with him. Goljädkin's strange behavior has meanwhile cost him his office and his attempt to arrange a rescue of his beloved, in answer to a letter he believed to have received from her in distress, has ended in

his being taken into custody himself. This too seems to come about through the agency of the double, who at first invited Goljädkin into the presence of the girl's father and his guests, which leads him to phantasy a reconciliation with honor to himself. The Doppelgänger however again proves his enemy and whispers into the doctor's ear and causes his removal. By this time the sorely confused man sees many doubles about him and is pursued and jeered at by them until at last there is left only the one who follows after the wagon bidding him farewell until he too disappears and the hero falls into unconsciousness.

It is of interest that all these writers manifest neurotic characteristics or pathological habits in their own lives. Hoffmann was neurotic, eccentric and suffered from hallucinations, delusions, compulsive ideas, and anxiety lest he should become insane. He often believed he saw his mirror image, his double or other ghostly figures masquerading before him. He died of a nervous disease at the age of forty-seven. Jean Paul also feared insanity and passed through severe mental struggles in order to perform his literary work. His principal conflict concerned his Ego, which seemed to him as a separate and frightful figure. Poe like Hoffmann had an unfortunate childhood and his life was equally full of eccentricities. He early developed a profound melancholy and began to indulge in alcohol and then in opium. He manifested not only alcoholic and epileptic tendencies but anxiety symptoms and compulsive brooding. "All his thinking turned about his Ego" according to his biographer. He died at thirty-seven years of delirium tremens.

Maupassant's life was even more tragic. He was by inheritance of a neurotic disposition. His excesses lay in his love life. Many of his works were written under narcotics. His hallucinations and illusions appear in his works and he became the victim of delusions of grandeur and persecution. He also attempted his own life. He had early recognized the splitting of his personality and represented it in his works. He was very egocentric and was never capable of a true relation to women. He too had objectified the inner separation of his personality through an hallucination of the double image, which he found sitting at his writing desk. The poet Chamisso has also worked out artistically such a vision of the double image. He represents the double as the baser self before whom his true self is ashamed. Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl" is the poet himself according to his own confession and the indirect testimony of his friends.

These writers who have used this theme and have also manifested neurotic traits in so marked a degree, show these characteristics in early life. Heine states that he suffered in his childhood from a "sort of alteration of his personality" by which he believed that he led the life of his grand uncle. Raimund manifested from childhood a number of pathologic traits and finally ended his life as the outcome of a long

struggle with fears and anxieties of a severe nature. He too furnished a portrait of himself in his "Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind." As Sauer has said "Raimund has set himself as a moral for his Rappelkopf; he sought through this poetic copy to free himself from his own morbid feelings." Dostojewski also manifested pathological traits from his early years. He was a strange child, shy and self absorbed and subject in his youth to attacks (epileptic ?), which increased in frequency and intensity in later life. He was eccentric in every way. The motive of the double was with him a central theme. Mereschkowski says of his writings: "So with Dostojewski every tragic conflicting pair, the most living real men disclose themselves, who seem to themselves and to others as one entire being, in fact only as two halves of a third divided existence, as halves which opposed to one another seek and pursue one another as doubles." Likewise of his pathological nature as an artist he says: "In truth—what sort of a strange artist is he, who with insatiable curiosity pokes about only in the diseases, only in the most frightful and shameful festering spots of the human soul? . . . And what sort of strange heroes are these 'blissful souls,' these possessed, madmen, idiots, mentally deranged? Perhaps he is not so much an artist as a physician of mental diseases, and so one to whom it might be said, Physician, first heal thyself!"

The close relationship of these poets . . . their use of the same theme emphasizes the fact that a pathological disposition to psychic disturbances conditions in large measure the splitting of the personality, with special prominence of the Ego complex. This corresponds to an abnormally strong interest in one's own person, its circumstances, conditions and fate. This distortion brings as its consequence the characteristic relation which this literature shows to the world, to life and particularly to the love object. The typically essential form in which this motive constantly appears is due however to more than an individual cause and this may be sought in racial traditions.

Superstitious beliefs regarding shadows are found among many European peoples in various forms. The belief in a guardian spirit is closely related to the idea of a double. It survives the dead and passes on to the next generation. It may at first have been beneficent and then developed into a torturing spirit. The same form of belief appears among savages in some of these tabus. Men can be injured through their shadows. Funerals are held at night so that the shadow of the living shall not fall upon the dead or their graves. The loss of one's shadow or the weakness of it signifies respectively illness or death and many peoples yet today carry their sick into the sun that the shadow may serve to entice the departing soul back into the body. The disappearance of the shadow, its increase and decrease are bound up by many with the idea of health and power. Some savages are frightened if a child too closely resembles his father, thinking that the latter must

soon die because the child has taken away his image or shadow. The shadow idea shows a psychic ambivalence. This latter idea of the father's shadow is close to that of a guardian spirit, and opposite the fatal influence of the shadow is that of its fructifying power. Cf. Luke I, 15: "And the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." Augustine and other Church fathers explained the word overshadow as meaning a cool, emotionless procreation as over against a passionate one. In Tahitian myth the goddess Hina becomes pregnant when the shadow of a breadfruit tree falls upon her as her father shakes it. Certain tabus forbid that the shadow of one's mother-in-law shall fall upon one, a tabu against incest. These conceptions, together with that of the waxing and waning of a man's power with his shadow point to its symbolic representation of male (Samson motive) potency, which is closely bound with reincarnation in one's own descendants and so with fruitfulness.

All folk lore identifies the shadow with the soul and many peoples have the same word for both. They see in the shadow or the reflection the soul or some portion of it and they conceive this double as a real existence visible to them. The soul was probably first conceived as a reduplication of the body, visible in the shadow. Rohde says of the Greek beliefs and cults of the soul: "According to the Homeric conception the man is there twice, in his perceptible appearance and in his invisible image, which first becomes free at death. This and nothing else is his psyche. In the living man, endowed with a soul, dwells, like a strange guest, a weaker double, his other Ego as his psyche . . . whose kingdom is the world of dreams. When the other Ego, unconscious of itself, lies asleep, the double wakes and acts." All cultured peoples of ancient times as well as savages of today show such a conception of shadow and soul. This belief is bound with the idea of death, the soul being considered the spirit of the dead, which is usually thought of as a shadow. If the souls of the dead are shadows they throw no shadows, which the Persians attest of those who have arisen from the dead, and the dead body also can cast no shadow, since the shadow has disappeared as the soul. Spirits, elves and the like also cast no shadow since they were originally shadows themselves. For this reason the devil is so covetous to obtain a shadow from his victim, who may not know, as the devil does, the value of his shadow. There is abundant testimony that the mirror image is regarded in a similar way in folk belief. It is forbidden in certain localities to place a dead body before a mirror or to see it in a mirror, for there will appear there two corpses which would mean a second death. Any one will die, according to another belief, if he looks into a mirror while there is a corpse in the house. When a death occurs mirrors are covered so that the soul of the dead will not remain in the house. It is also forbidden one to look into a mirror at night lest that one lose his own reflection, that is his soul,

upon which death would follow. Here also are the superstitions regarding the influence of the image upon the sick, the breaking or dropping of a mirror. The mirror has also magic power² over the future or foretells it. Here under the future is meant not the What but the Whether, that is mostly one's own length of life. Or the mirror becomes the prophet of love, wherein the maiden sees her "future." Primitive peoples also have many tabus regarding their reflection in the water or other medium. Fear of one's portrait or photograph is found all over the earth. Among many cultural peoples the belief has been held that the dream of one's reflection was related to death. Closely related to this is the fructifying power of the mirror image as of the shadow. Zagreus, who was reborn as Dionysius, was conceived by Persephone's looking in a mirror, the mirror playing a still further rôle in the life of Dionysius.³

The fable of Narcissus combines both the destructive and the egoistic features of these beliefs. According to one legend it was foretold that he would have a long life if he should not see himself, but the shy youth later became enamored of his own reflection in the water. Another version states that Narcissus took his own life after he had fallen in love with his image and still in the underworld he saw this image in the Styx. A later rationalized account relates that he was inconsolable after the death of a twin sister exactly like him in every detail, until he saw his reflection and received some comfort from that, though he knew it was only a shadow. All these versions point to the fact of the essential feature of the Narcissus myth, that the youth perished after he saw his reflection, his double, in the water.

Psychoanalysis recognizes more than an accidental connection between the idea of death in regard to the double and the narcissistic idea. It is necessary first to consider the tendency to push out of consciousness the painful idea of death. This tendency further substitutes an equivalent as far removed as possible from the unacceptable idea, and this is based upon an ancient original identity of the two ideas. Various superstitions and one form of the legend itself show how closely love and death are bound in the Doppelgänger. The literature which has been quoted also shows this. Fear and hatred toward the Doppelgänger are closely associated with the falling in love with one's own image or the Ego as in Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Gray." Dorian is directly mentioned as a narcissist. "He had once as a boyishly unrestrained Narcissus kissed the painted lips [of the portrait] which now laughed so fearfully at him. Morning after morning had he sat before the picture and marvelled at its beauty, often had he fallen into an

² See Jelliffe and Brink, "Eyes of Youth," Medical Record, March 2, 1918.

³ Cf. use of mirror in a modern drama, see Jelliffe and Brink, Compulsion and Freedom, The Fantasy of the Willow Tree, PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW, July, 1918.

ecstasy over it. "Often . . . he slipped out to the closed room and stood before the picture with a mirror in his hand. . . . Now he saw the hateful aging countenance upon the canvas, now the beautiful youthful face which laughed back at him from the bright mirror. He became more and more in love with his own beauty." Connected with this narcissism are his impressive egoism, his incapacity for love and his abnormal sexual life. In his intimate friendships with young men he seeks to realize his love for his own youthful image and in his relations with women he is incapable of any but the grossest sensual pleasure. This incapacity for love is a characteristic of all these "Doppelgänger" heroes. Dorian Gray says again: "I have concentrated myself too strongly upon myself. My own personality has become a burden to me. Would that I could escape, go away, forget." The narcissist stands in an ambivalent attitude toward his Ego and the erotic attitude is possible because the defensive feeling is projected over upon the hated and feared double. This defense manifests itself in fear of one's mirror image or in the losing of it or of the shadow. The persecutory ideas show that this is not really a losing of it but on the contrary a strengthening of it, establishing it in independence, making it overpowering, which again only shows the overweening interest in one's own self. Thus the loss of the shadow or image becomes a persecution by it, the repressed material returns in the form of that which represses. We know from Freud's researches that paranoia has its foundation in "a fixation in narcissism" to which the typical delusions of greatness correspond. The stage of development from which the paranoiac regresses to his original narcissism is that of a sublimated homosexuality, and the characteristic projection mechanism of paranoia is the defense against its breaking through. Then the poetic representation of the Doppelgänger motive is a visualizing of the persecutor, who according to the Freudian theory is the loved person, in one's own ego. The homosexual unconscious love object of the paranoiac is originally chosen according to likeness to one's self. We find also that in these tales the Doppelgänger often takes the form of the brother or the twin brother, just as in the delusions the persecutor is the father or his substitute. It has been said by another writer, "The relationship of the older to the younger brother is analogous to that of the autocrotic to himself." The idea of rivalry contained in representation through the brother accounts in part for the death wish and the murder impulse against the double. The brother motive is not the root but merely one interpretation of the original subjective origin of the Doppelgänger. The consciousness of guilt is one important factor in causing the inner splitting and the projection of the self into the Doppelgänger, upon whom certain actions or instincts and tendencies which bring reproach can be cast, or as in "William Wilson" the double appears as the warning conscience. The feeling of guilt measures the distance be-

tween the Ego ideal and attainment and is also nourished by a fear of death and creates ideas of self-punishment, which lead to suicide.

One motive for the fear of death is the wish to remain young, which is also a fixation on some earlier stage of development. As in these tales, it is not fear of death itself so much as the expectancy of it which is fearful. In Rank's words: "The normally unconscious thought of the impending annihilation of the Ego, that most universal example of repression of an unbearable fact of knowledge, tortures such an unfortunate one with the conscious idea of its eternal, never-coming-again, deliverance from which is possible only through death. So it reaches the strange paradox that the suicide, in order to free himself from the unbearable fear of death, seeks death voluntarily. "This pathological attitude toward death cannot be sufficiently explained merely by the instinct for self-preservation. Libidinous impulses are involved, the anxiety depending upon repressed libido, and this is what is found in the narcissism. Rank quotes from Spiess, an unprejudiced psychological observer: "The shudder of mankind before death does not arise merely out of the natural love for life. . . . This however is not a clinging to the earthly existence, for that man often enough hates. . . . No, it is the love toward the personality peculiar to himself, the personality to be found in his conscious possession, *the love for himself* for the central Ego of his individuality, which binds him to life. This self love is an inseparable part of his existence being; in it the instinct of self-preservation is rooted and grounded and out of it arises for him the deep and powerful desire to escape death, the sinking into nothingness, and the hope of awaking again to a new life and another era of continued development. The thought of losing oneself is so unbearable to man and it is this thought which makes death so fearful to him. . . . We may rebuke this hopeful desire as much as we like as childish vanity, absurd megalomania; it yet lives in the breast, it influences and controls our thought and aspiration." The narcissist loves and values himself too highly to destroy himself directly in response to the fear of death which has arisen out of his narcissism and so carries it out through the illusory form of the double as the separate persecuting or evil self. The primitive and later superstitious belief likewise in the double as an embodiment of the soul contains also these same factors. Primitive man, like the child, is an exquisite narcissist. Death then opposes itself to this conception and compels the savage to attribute a part of his omnipotence to the spirits. The shadow is easily conceived as the soul, as something real which clings to a man, but as it disappears with his death it is easily imagined as a departing soul. The many tabus, precautions and avoidances which are thrown around the shadow or reflection point to the narcissistic overvaluation of the self as well as of the anxiety which arises from this. The soul is early considered as a reduplication of the body. Annihilation through death is

incomprehensible to the primitive mind, contrary to his narcissistic feeling. The thought of death is made tolerable by conceiving of another existence in the double form. The idea of death also comes back through the double as a threat, through the announcement by the double of death or through injury to the double.

Thus in primitive narcissism the libidinous and the self-preservative interests are concentrated upon the Ego and through various reactions the self is guarded from injury and annihilation out of a fear which is more than a normal one, is rather one that reaches pathological intensity because of the intensity of the narcissism. Just such primitive overvaluation is manifest in the pathological self love of the Greek myth or the phantasy of modern tale, reaching even a paranoiac delusion of fear, where the Doppelgänger as the embodiment of the narcissistic self love becomes the rival in sex love; or as originally a wish defense against eternal annihilation, it becomes to superstition the messenger of death.

2. *The Fish as Sexual Symbol.*—Eisler presents an abundance of material gathered from folklore and history, which sets forth the importance of fish symbolism among widely diverse peoples. He introduces this by citing an instance of such importance in individual psychology. This was the aversion to fish manifested by a young man who had many idiosyncracies in regard to food. Chief of these was that against asparagus, which disgusted him because of its "violet taste" and which was referred to his dislike of the blue veins appearing under the skin. These same affects, which connected themselves further with the form and handling of asparagus, appeared in an even greater antipathy toward fish, particularly its odor and the slimy secretion of its skin and was traceable through analysis back to an overstrengthened fear of touching the glans penis, with a disgust also at the semen at pollution.

All the arts of cookery, Eisler says, are directed against the odor of fish, while there is a widespread aversion to touching the slippery skin of a fish or of a snake, toad or other such object. It would seem that the many tabus and idiosyncrasies against the eating of fish has a sexual basis, true to the symbolism with which we are familiar in regard to the serpent, etc. The Pythagoreans, as an example of the tabus based upon sexual reasons, forbid the eating of beans "because they resemble the genital organs." Among the Baele in Africa fish and birds are forbidden as food to the youth just arrived at puberty, the touching of the sacred fish of Hawaii is forbidden a pregnant woman; in Borneo menstruous women must not eat certain fish at seedtime. In Egypt two varieties of fish were tabu because they had devoured the sexual organ of Osiris. The Greeks relate that a sacred fish particularly honored in the Samothracian mysteries originated with Aphrodite, the "foam-bathed" goddess, from the blood drops which fell into the sea with the

sickle-severed phallus of the heaven god, Uranos. Indian legend also tells of a mythical savior king, whose name Matsya means fish who sprang from the sperm of Adityas Mitra and Varuna, which fell into the water. In southern Italy the term "ro pesce," the fish, is vulgarly used for the phallus, and is so used to designate the Priapus stone in the catacomb of S. Gennaro. The Greek god Eros is frequently represented with a fish in his hand or between the legs and in Indian texts the love god has a fish upon his banner and his name denotes "He who has the fish for his symbol."

The fish is also the symbol of the goddess of love and of the mother goddess and goddess of fertility, as with the northern goddess Freya; the granting of fertility by the Celtic-Germanic mother goddesses was symbolized by fish, as various votive altars or other monuments show. Aphrodite, Demeter, Cora, Hera, Artemis, have sacred fish associated with them in their various characters of goddesses of love and fertility. One of these fish was used as a remedy for dysmenorrhea, also with wine as an anti-aphrodisiac. Even today in Asia Minor fish are honored as sacred to the great Mosque of Edessa, which once were sacred to Syrian goddesses. A vase painting shows how a Semitic name for goddess of fertility, a sacred fish, which means "house of the fish" was to be taken in a quite obvious sense, the fish on the Boeotian vase being represented as actually in the body of a so-called Artemis, queen of wild beasts. The Chinese love and mother goddess Kwan-Yin is represented with a fish in a basket, comparable perhaps to the sacred serpent in the basket of the Greek mysteries. A fine representation of this goddess with the basket and fish may be seen in the Field Museum in Chicago.

A Babylon seal in the form of a cylinder points to the symbolic meaning of the fish as the male genital, where it appears with a series of other such symbols of fertility and procreation. The Japanese fly a flag in the shape of a fish to announce the birth of a male heir and in a Greek vase painting the lover sends through Eros a fish to his beloved. The female genital, the yoni or vulva is also represented on a Buddhistic tablet by two fish and a figleaf. In Greek there are similar usages of fish names to denote the uterus, the female organs, a prostitute, etc. Language and custom also show the connection in the folk mind between fish and growth or potency. In Jewish lore it is particularly associated with weddings, as the chief food or as the gift from the groom to the bride. It even appears as a talmudic injunction that "one should take a wife on the fifth day of the week, since on this day at the creation of the world God blessed the fish with the words 'be fruitful and multiply.'" Both a Greek vase painting and a fragment of comedy to which this latter refers set forth an extravagant feast of fish at the "marriage of Hebe." Hebe is also used literally for the pudenda so that the poet seems here to make use of the same idea which is ex-

pressed in the Scriptures when it is stated that there are three things that can never be satisfied, Hades, the parched earth and the womb. The custom of using fish at a wedding is attested in Greece down to Hellenic times. The same custom is found in the folklore of the Transylvanians, and in other distant parts of the world. In magic related to fertility the picture of a fish plays a great rôle, for instance in Ceylon bringing much needed water. In China goldfish form part of the bridal outfit. A prehistoric fragment from the grotto of Lortet shows a herd of reindeer with fish scratched in between the legs, a testimony probably not from decorative but from magic art. A vase painting of the Mycenaean period illustrates the same thing in regard to a horse.

The idea of pregnancy both with women and animals through the eating of fish is widespread. A princess shut in a tower becomes pregnant by eating a fish, and a barren king and queen obtain a child in the same way. A golden fish divided into six pieces gave pregnancy to the fisherman's wife, the dog, the mare, and from the earth where two pieces were buried sprang two cypress trees. The fisher's wife bore twins, her husband having himself eaten one portion. In other tales the same effect is produced by drinking fish broth or the water in which the fish is washed or the blood of a fish. An Icelandic tale relates a dream of a childless woman who is advised to visit a stream and permit a certain trout to swim into her mouth. This Eisler believes to be the fellatio desire for stimulating the libido of the indifferent husband, which has thus passed the dream censor. All this fish symbolism seems to be a phallic symbolism "through which the censor is blinded."

The monuments which represent features of the Dionysian mysteries bear testimony in regard to fish symbolism and probably have to do with the promotion of fruitfulness. There are repeated references to the Dionysian rites as the cure for melancholia or delusions, or other mental disorders, and Aristotle speaks of the "cathartic" aim of the tragedies arising from these celebrations, in releasing from the affect of fear, etc. This relates itself closely with the recent theory of hysterical depression and of other symptoms of affect repression. In these mysteries sexual symbolism played a large part in the form of the so-called Phallophorie (Bacchantian festival in which a phallus was carried). Phalli of enormous size were borne by men disguised as all sorts of beasts and the Maenades also twirled such in the air as they danced. The author here reproduces a vase painting in which such a Maenad swings in each hand the fish sacred to Bacchus, while a satyr wearing such a phallus bound in front of him grasps another Maenad by the arm. Other sources testify that these fish, like other animals, were at the end of the dance torn apart and devoured. This again represents a fertility rite objectively, while subjectively it represents a sacred marriage and union with the god. Such rites are really deeply grounded in the religious

consciousness, as certain Jewish mystics show, who today perform certain gestures in prayer "a bodily gymnastic exercise for producing a sort of cohabitation . . . with the higher spheres." Others have a "fish dance" ceremony at weddings, which is recorded in 1891 in several contemporary journals as taking place in Bosnia, and in one of them is mentioned the symbolization of the desire for fertility through the ceremony of laying fish at the feet of the bride and requiring her to hop over them.

Conception is also represented symbolically by the catching of fish. In many instances in vase painting or later folk song the bride is compared to a fish net, an ancient conical type of net, or a reed basket. The net is alone used in marriage ceremonies. The same motive appears in tales such as that of the childless king who is bidden to have seven seven-year-old boys and girls form a net in which a golden fish will be caught, which the queen must eat and then she will become pregnant and bear a prince. An ancient Babylonian relief shows a lady spinning before the altar on which rests a sacred fish, the representation evidently belonging to the mother goddess cult. Other such associations of fish and spinning in relation to the goddess appear and there is a tradition that the Virgin Mary conceived Christ while she was spinning. There is moreover the legend to which the inscription on the tomb of a certain Bishop Aberkios of Hieropolis seems to refer, in which Christ is mentioned as the "pure fish" which the "holy Virgin received" or conceived. A similar legend concerns the goddess Hera, where the receiving of a fish signifies conception. An old Indian marriage custom manifests the same symbolism. A variant of this is in the South Indian custom of throwing a ring into a water cask and having the bride fish for it, a custom which appears in still another form earlier in England. There is a survival at Naples of an older custom, of throwing the engagement ring into the water and compelling the betrothed bridegroom to fish it out. If he was not successful the engagement was broken. This motive of fishing for the bridal ring is very widespread and survived also earlier in the famous annual marriage of the Doge of Venice with the sea. In the Orphic mysteries as well as in the Vedas the semen is compared to the threads of the net and the origin of life to the weaving of such a net.

A number of ancient wall paintings found in the buried Campanian cities of Italy show a maiden fishing with the aid of the goddess of love, while the same idea is still more delicately represented in a little poem of Mörike, "What is in the net? Look" ["*Was im Netze? Schau einmal!*"], perhaps based upon a folk song, in which the fear and the wonder, the pain and the delight of erotic desire are lyrically presented with suggestion of a number of elements which barely present themselves to conscious understanding. The lines run "O misery, oh delight, With twining and turning It slips on my breast" ["*Ach*

Jammer, o Lust, mit Schmiegen und Wenden mir schlüpfts an die Brust"] and the closing lines, "I must poison it. Here it crawls about, Buries itself blissfully, And brings me to destruction. [Gift muss ich haben! Hier schleicht es herum, Tut wonniglich graben Und bringt mich noch um!"] Eisler compares these to the myth of Apollo and the Dryope, whom he approaches as a turtle and as the maiden presses this harmless creature to her breast it changes to a serpent and slips into her womb. In the Dionysian and apparently the Eleusinian mysteries the serpent was drawn over the lap as a sign of the complete sexual union with the god and this serpent was called "The god through the womb" ["ὁ διά κόλπου θεός"], which is further expressed in Latin and Greek descriptions of the rites. A dramatic representation of the seduction of the goddess by the god who first approaches her in the form of a serpent is apparently a part of the Eleusinian mysteries. Freud records a phantasy in his *Interpretation of Dreams* also containing the idea of the last lines of the maiden's love poem. A patient, a young girl, makes a complaint the significance of which is quite hidden from consciousness. "She has a feeling as if something were sticking in her body, moving to and fro and shaking her through and through. Often her whole body becomes stiff with it."

The editor of *Imago* adds a word regarding certain examples of later art from Ed. Fuchs' "Illustrierte Sittengeschichte" in which the fish is as indicative of the erotic meaning in the ostensible subjects portrayed. Jan Steen's "The Love Sickness" is one of these and it is a favorite theme of his to represent through this symbol or through other articles of food a distinctly erotic and sexual meaning. Certain other etchings reveal also most plainly the representation of the phallus by the fish in certain love situations. These, as well as some verses from the seventeenth century, show that it is the touch quality as well as the form which is symbolized by the fish. He cites also many other testimonials of the same sort and also instances of the fish as symbol of fertility, as in literature upon the Grimm tales, and quotes a grossly sexual reference to fishing symbolism in "Measure for Measure."

3. *The Sexual in the Theology of the Mormons*.—Schroeder opens his discussion with a brief sketch of the development of the Resurrectionist movement of Mormonism. It had its origin in 1813 in Kirkland, Ohio, at a time when there was active in the church a strong religious fervor. This was largely the work of Sidney Rigdon, an enthusiastic preacher of the "Christian" or "Campbellite" church, who was accustomed to use the ordinary revivalistic methods. The partaking of the Sacrament among the Mormons was accompanied by hallucinatory visions, which also were otherwise extravagantly reported among their followers. Such spiritual possession followed upon devotional exercises and the power of the Holy Ghost, imparted through the laying on of hands, was the source of marvellous workings and led to the wildest

excitement and violent physical distortions and activities. Among other things, the subjects testified that the Spirit of God had cast them to the floor to prepare them for immortality by a new and strange form of death. There were visions of angels, of the face of Christ, letters from heaven or certainty on the part of many that they were prophets with a message from heaven, and Smith's position as prophet was often disputed. It became necessary to counteract the infection of this madness by a divulgence on the part of the Prophet of a manifestation in which God had expressed his disapproval of these things.

In the course of these manifestations at Kirkland "many gave themselves over to the spirit of adultery." At the same time even the Prophet of Mormonism, Joseph Smith, Jr., proclaimed on the strength of a vision "the immortality of the marriage contract, inclusive of a plurality of wives." The new convert was consecrated by the High Priest by a "kiss of closest love" and in the hours of devotion which followed and through the excitement that was present the spiritual relation soon passed over into fleshly polygamy. This was further overdeveloped through another strong religious movement in Utah similar to that which had broken out in Kirkland, known under the name of the "Reformation." Ecclesiastical authority meanwhile sanctioned and extolled the practise of polygamy and procreation as godlike functions so that the attention of the whole community was centered upon sexuality and an abnormal desire awakened. As most of the community were of the poorer class there was herding of women and children and an openness of sexual excess which greatly increased the abnormal eroticism. Mormonism appealed to a class of men who, failing of normal satisfaction, demanded unnatural excitation and gratification. Abuse of children, incest, sadistic and pederastic acts expressed this. William Hooper Young, a grandson of Brigham Young, murdered his wife in a sadistic mania, which occasioned his second confinement in an insane hospital.

The average Mormon, not highly developed intellectually, tends toward mysticism and this forms a fertile soil for hypersexuality, which underlies Mormon theology. It magnifies reproduction as the greatest gift of God and most important duty toward Him. A Mormon document states, "We are created for the express purpose of increasing ourselves." God himself is represented as a polygamist—another proof, Schroeder suggests, that man makes his god in his own likeness. Lesser gods, angels and men are all one race, one great family; Joseph Smith is God's son, as is Jesus. The gods have the power to beget sons and daughters in the spirit world, who for a time have corporeal forms to prepare themselves for divinity, maintaining the divine power to perpetuate their race through all eternity. The "tabernacles" of flesh are necessary for this preparation and for this reason the injunction was laid upon Eve and all her daughters to be fruitful and multiply. Adam,

the god of this world, was the only God with whom we have directly to do. He brought Eve, one of his wives, from heaven with him. Through the fall Adam's race, otherwise immortal, became mortal and was forced to dwell for a time upon earth, the tabernacles of the spiritual offspring of other gods. On the other hand, only thus through the fall and our mortality, which preceded the "covenant" marriage, which is eternal, did it become possible for men to become gods and win descendants. Wish fulfilment also manifests itself in the conception that God has not always occupied his present exalted position but attained it by a sort of hierarchy through growth and preferment.

When "all the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy" Jesus and Joseph Smith and millions of other spiritual sons of God were there waiting until their opportunity came for receiving tabernacles of flesh. Jesus watched over the creation. They knew that without a place prepared for them by the creation, where they could receive these tabernacles of flesh, they could never come to completion, never attain the power, authority and glory of the Father, as it would seem that they could not obtain these unless they could procreate those who should be inferior to them.

It is the godhead in us that calls forth our increase, and the capacity for the latter marks the progress in development toward this estate, and every new wife is another means to this end. This permission to have more than one wife is only granted to certain ones as a reward for their piety and as a special divine sanction, and a man who without this authorization oversteps his marriage relationship incurs the risk of capital punishment. The marriage is a sacrament to lead the fallen mortal back to the original purity of Adam and to immortality, and this is the peculiar mission of mormonism. Marriage is an eternal union and the resurrection brings the separated pair together again. Merely temporary marriages are also permitted, since not every one is fitted for the more exalted relationships and the pure and holy duties it involves. Those to whom such marriage is not permitted and those who refuse motherhood become only ministering angels in heaven, servants to the more exalted. A man cannot be saved who has no wife through whom he can propagate himself. Those who through the complete marriage on the other hand approach godhead experience a thousand-fold greater joy in the relations of man and woman, parents and children, than upon earth. The resurrection is believed to be a literal one of flesh and bone, through which the eternal union is no merely mystical spiritual one but similar to that upon earth. The spiritual is only a refined material. The three persons of the Trinity are necessarily three distinct beings. The Mormons do not believe in the supernatural birth of Christ, for as Brigham Young explains: "Had the Son been conceived by the Holy Ghost, it would be very dangerous to baptize females or to confirm them and impart to them the Holy Ghost, for he might

procreate children, and the folk would shove it upon the elders (the Mormon priesthood) which would fall into great difficulties."

Schroeder says in conclusion to this study that it is evident to the psychopathologist by what psychic processes gross sensuality and license of the mind are changed into a sacrifice for the grace of God, showing again how closely sexual excess and strong religious feeling are related. The resurrectionist movement is based on a religious excitement which appeals to those whose nervous organism is unstable as a result of disturbances at sexual maturity or by the decline of sexual power, as a result of sexual excesses or of sexual repression.

VARIA

The Ambivalency of Love and Hate.—Freud has emphasized the ambivalency of Love and Hate, just as he has pointed out many truths. He should be regarded as a teacher, one who reminds us. We can have no doubt that he has more substantial reasons for many of his opinions than he has yet been able to give us. If we fail to substantiate most of them it is our error. Thus in the Gilgamesh Epic, an ancient Assyrian legend preserved to us in twelve clay tablets in cuneiform characters in the British Museum, we find an ancient confirmation of this point. On the twelfth tablet we read: "NO MORE DOST THOU KISS THY WIFE WHOM THOU DIDST LOVE; NO MORE DOST THOU SMITE THY WIFE WHOM THOU DIDST HATE. NO MORE DOST THOU KISS THY DAUGHTER WHOM THOU DIDST LOVE; NO MORE DOST THOU SMITE THY DAUGHTER WHOM THOU DIDST HATE. THE SORROW OF THE UNDERWORLD HATH TAKEN HOLD UPON THEE."¹

The Gilgamesh Epic dates only from 2100 B. C., a period scarcely remote enough to convince some of Freud's critics that he is not responsible for the fact, so keen is their hatred for the man who points out the truth about themselves, which truth they would so gladly forget.

E. W. LAZELL.

Quotation from Ruskin, "The Queen of the Air." Preface, dated May 1, 1869.—In the comparison of Luini and his art he says:

"He is a man ten times greater than Leonardo;—a mighty colorist, while Leonardo was only a fine draughtsman in black, staining the chiaroscuro drawing, like a colored print; he perceived and rendered the delicatest types of human beauty that have been painted since the days of the Greeks, while Leonardo depraved his finer instincts by caricature, *and remained to the end of his days the slave of an archaic smile*: and he is a designer as frank, instinctive, and exhaustless as Tintoret, while Leonardo's design is only an agony of science, admired chiefly because it is painful, *and capable of analysis in its best accomplishment.*"

The punctuation after print and smile are colons.

The italics are not in the original.

E. W. L.

A Suggestion in Technic.—It is often difficult to coördinate the material obtained in the interpretation of dreams, to know when the associations have been carried to a deep enough level, and when to pass on to other dreams. While it is true that we are trying to help the patient

¹ Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria, Spence.

adjust himself to the present and not trying to penetrate his psyche merely for the experience of pointing out his infantile fancies, still he must be convinced and is much more likely to be so if the associations can be presented in an orderly and logical manner. The following scheme does not present any new ideas, but is an attempt to formulate a general scheme of presentation, to coördinate the material of the different levels and show its relation to the infantile.

The scheme depends on the principle of overdetermination in the neurotic symptoms and of all the elements as they appear in the manifest content. The neurotic symptom is determined by two or more factors, or to quote Freud "that no hysterical symptom can proceed entirely from a real experience, but that every time, the memory of earlier experiences awakened by association, collaborates in the causation of the symptom." In this respect the neurotic symptom and the dream are similar.

It is important to determine the level at which these earlier experiences occurred, and to ascribe the material obtained to the level to which it belongs. Thus it would be manifestly improper to ascribe the belief that women laid eggs like chickens to the adult reality level; or that hetero-sexual intercourse is the means of procreation, to the infantile. It may be pardoned if three well-known facts are alluded to: (1) The dream is suggested in the adult by an experience of the preceding day, in the sane adult at the reality level. (2) This experience succeeded in suggesting the dream only because it was associated with a preceding experience at the symbolic level and the interpretation explains the wish at this level. (3) If the dream concerns the patient's neurosis or psychosis it must also be associated with an experience at the infantile level. In other words we have three experiences at these three different levels which have a common denominator by which they are associated. A fuller statement of the hypothesis is: The dream represents a wish fulfillment at the reality level either by way of reënactment of a past experience at the reality level or a fantasy at the symbolic level. The experiencing of this situation is denied or made impossible. This situation is similar to a past experience at the infantile level. These three experiences are identical in the subconscious.

Resistances may prevent the reproduction of any infantile material, but if any material at this level is obtained it should be exhausted, since it is this material that is really the goal. If it cannot be exhausted at the present sitting the dream may be returned to later, or it may come up in other dreams. It does not suffice to merely interpret the dream into the symbolic level and leave it there as is often done with fatal consequences, since the experience at the symbolic level is "conditioned" by an experience at the infantile.

While actually working with manifest dream material the writer found himself habitually thinking of these two other levels in the terms

of the following equation: Dream: wished for experience :: phantasied or remembered experience at the symbolic level: the infantile phantasy. Reduction of this equation shows that all the factors are equal to each other or are the neutralization of the same affect. (The resolution of the adult affect into the partial strivings of the infantile libido is left to the reader's comprehension of the subject.)

Whenever one thinks of a "situation" in the dream, one should, therefore, also think of two other situations, one symbolic, and one infantile fantasy which mean the same thing. This is mentally accomplished if one thinks "or other" for each situation (word, phrase or neologism) and later substituting the equivalent material from associations. In this way we may not only show the genetic relation but also have a measure of the completeness of the associations.

In order to prevent all danger of the writer's own personal equation from entering into the material of the graphic example now to be given, a dream from another writer will be used as a paradigm, and that of Brill (Psychoanalysis, 1912, page 56) has been selected. The dream is as follows:

1. I dreamed that Mgt. and I were pregnant and in some way or other I thought that birds were connected with this pregnancy.

2. Then I dreamed of looking down on my own or someone's else bare toes. Each toe became the head of a man as I looked and they all seemed to be smiling or laughing. One of the heads looked like S. V., a male acquaintance.

The important associations are given abridged: Mgt. is a homosexual amour; the patient used to be mortally afraid of being pregnant; was seduced by a farm hand at nine; at ten years heard that girls became pregnant through such relations and imagined that she was pregnant; her sexual instructions began at an early age when she watched the acts of the poultry with great interest, imagining that women laid eggs like chickens; yearned for a baby the day before the dream; birds mean chickens, since on the farm they were called birds; had a sexual affair with a farm hand who touched her on forbidden places with his bare feet under the table; S. V. has a dirty mind.

By re-writing the dream and substituting the material of the symbolic level for the situations in the dream we have the following. The words "or other" are inserted for the sake of clearness. The substituted material in the substitution sentence is in italics.

(Another Mgt. and I, that is) *fantasy Margaret and I were* (pregnant in another way, that is) *indulging in homosexual acts or having homosexual intercourse and* (in another way, that is) *in the homosexual way I* (thought in another way of thinking, that is) *fantasied that this homosexual intercourse made me* (pregnant in another way, that is) *homosexually pregnant. Then the* (other kind of an I, that is) *homosexual I looked down and fantasied that I saw the bare* (other kind of a

toe of the other kind of an I, that is) *penis of the homosexual I or the bare* (penis of another kind of a someone else, that is) *penises of the homosexual Margarets*. Each (other kind of a toe, that is) *penis became the* (other kind of a head, that is) *penis of an* (other kind of a man, that is) *homosexual man Margaret and as homosexual I looked all the* (other kind of heads, that is) *penises seemed to be* (smiling or laughing in another kind of a way, that is) *sexually happy, satisfied*. One of the (other kind of heads, that is) *penises looked* (like the other kind of an S. V., that is) *sexually dirty, that is covered with seminal, vaginal or perhaps menstrual fluid*.

The reader is now advised to re-read the sentence in italics. This reconstructed sentence not only accurately reproduces her fantasy but reproduces it so accurately as to show that she was ambisexual in her homosexual fantasy. (It is to be regretted that the terminology of homosexuality does not permit a more accurate term for the condition of interchangeability of sex object and subject in homosexuality.) The connection of the material with her vomiting is omitted as being obviously beside the subject.

If we now substitute in the same way the material at the infantile level, Margaret, the love object, stands for the father or mother, or their representative (Imago). Pregnancy in chickens according to the statement of the patient meant laying eggs or having eggs in them and the assumption is that the fighting of the chickens stands for intercourse. The infantile experience was conducted by a farm hand. The sentence now reads: *Mother or father and I had eggs in us and baby I imagined that this was caused by a fight with a chicken or by a chicken*. Baby I looked down and imagined that I saw my own or the farm hand's bare penis and his bare toes. Each of the toes became the head of a farm hand and as baby I looked all the heads seemed to be smiling or laughing. One of the heads seemed to be dirty (of course the one he touched the baby I in the dirty place with). By substituting father for farm hand (who presumably also had some authority over a 9-year-old girl, and was at any rate a man and therefore an object of comparison) and penis for toes, in the last sentence the variations of the infantile imagination may be reproduced.

If one imagines for himself the picture passing before the infant's eyes the cause for the fear in the fighting of the chickens is readily seen. Since the act of the chickens takes place between two vents similar in anatomy to the eye of a child at least, it is easily identified with the homosexual act between women. To prevent misunderstanding it should be emphasized that the fantasy is not assumed to be the cause of the homosexuality. One assumes that she also saw the penis of the farm hand and it looked like a toe (perhaps her father's also). It is unnecessary to go over the subject of the comparison of the body of self with that of others during the infantile stage. It is to be noted that she

did not have a penis. The penis of the farm hand is dirty from being actually associated with his own urine and also with her own, as well as her fecal contents. The association between the toe of the farm hand and his penis came about because such a touching would actually produce pleasure in even so young a child, as shown by its having been repressed into unconsciousness and reproduced in the dream.

The reconstruction from the dream and the association material of these three experiences may be of the greatest value in presenting the material to the patient, as well as to assist the analyst in his work. When actually working with the dream the writer writes the dream on a sheet of paper, leaving an interval of two lines and puts on these lines the material as it appears, for the corresponding levels.

But the greatest value will be lost unless we go to the last analysis and point out that the patient herself identifies herself with the love object, the mother or father, in which case she would produce eggs in her mother, or her father would produce eggs in her, and it was through an act similar to the act of the chickens. Further that the fixation was favored by this fantasy and that the nature of the act was one of the determinants of the nature of her homosexuality. It is again emphasized that it was not the cause. Her homosexuality was ambisexual.

In this connection the writing of the dream actually as it is dreamed should be emphasized. Many of the important facts are lost in the substitution or omission of a single word and the value often lost in working with a rationalization.

If the substitution method be a correct one we have a valuable measure of the association, since the substitution sentence at the infantile level must be complete. If all the essential situations at this level are not complete the dream cannot be fully interpreted.

E. W. LAZELL.

BOOK REVIEWS

SYMPTOMS OF VISCERAL DISEASE: A Study of the Vegetative Nervous System in its Relationship to Clinical Medicine. By Francis Marion Pottenger. Published by C. V. Mosby Co., St. Louis, 1919. Pp. 328, 86 illustrations, 9 colored plates. Price \$4.00.

Progress in the medical sciences usually is first recorded in the journals. This has been true of progress in visceral or vegetative neurology. Pottenger has gathered together the results of this progress, so far as they relate to the phenomena of disease as manifested through the vegetative nervous system, and presented them in a systematic way in his book. He presents the subject in three parts.

Part I discusses "The Relationship Between the Vegetative Nervous System and the Symptoms of Visceral Disease." The introduction to this section is very interesting and contains the author's speculations on a number of related topics. His principal thesis as set forth here is "there is a patient who has the disease, as well as the disease which has the patient," and he speaks for this viewpoint which needs emphasis now because the growth of medical specialism and especially the laboratory of clinical pathology has tended to obscure the individual. Clinical observation he rates as worthy of consideration as laboratory findings and the superior man in the medicine of the future will be the one who is able to bring together all these special developments, "the internist who appreciates the unity of medicine" (p. 1).

This section is taken up largely with a discussion of the vegetative nervous system reflexes, both as they are manifested through the sympathetics and the parasympathetics. "Thus we may expect two sets of symptoms to be set up reflexly whenever an important internal organ is involved in a severe inflammatory process: (1) *a group through the sympathetics which express themselves as motor, sensory and trophic reflexes in the skin, subcutaneous tissues and muscles*, (2) *a group through the parasympathetics which express themselves for the most part as motor, sensory, secretory and probably later as trophic reflexes in other viscera* (p. 92). The nature of these reflexes is discussed, their mechanisms, and the location of symptoms produced in relation to the vertebrate somatic segmentation, their metameric distribution.

Part II treats of the "Innervation of Important Viscera with a Clinical Study of the More important Viscerogenic Reflexes." In this section the innervation of the viscera is discussed in detail and the pathways indicated over which the reflexes are expressed. Each organ, stomach, pancreas, heart, eye, etc., is given a separate chapter, its inner-

vation described, the reflex pathways indicated and the prominent clinical symptoms explained.

Part III discusses the vegetative nervous system, describing briefly its anatomy, physiology, and pharmacodynamic reactions.

The book is exceedingly well done, full of valuable information, well presented and of material stimulating to thought. Its importance for readers of this REVIEW is, however, more because of its implications than for what it actually contains. As a whole it is a very material effort in bringing together our knowledge of the vegetative level of reaction and relating the reactions at this level to the individual as a whole. This is the platform from which the author speaks, but he is at heart an internist and although he may theoretically give the psyche its due he does not naturally think in terms that accord the symbolic level of reaction a place of equal importance to the vegetative or the sensori-motor. For example, he says "*there is no study to-day that offers us greater hope for the future practice of medicine, than the study of the individual who has the disease and the means by which the disease expresses itself in his tissues, secretions and excretions—the study of pathologic or 'functional pathology' as it is often called*" (p. 21). This and the previous quotation, "the internist who appreciates the unity of medicine," clearly show that he is thinking in terms of an internist and that the problem of the personality only gets in when he is collecting his thoughts for broad generalizations as in the following: "*as a reflex is the basis of nerve control, the idea is the basis of the psychic control; and as normal function on the part of the nervous system is essential to physical equilibrium, so are normal trends of thought necessary to a mental or psychical equilibrium*" (p. 27). Even here though he does not give the psyche its proper setting, for it is obvious that he is controlled by a dualistic concept which sets the physical and the psychic over against one another in a way that makes impossible their common inclusion in any scheme of an integrated individual. This static psychology is further illustrated when he says that in the voluntary nervous system impulse must be carried to higher centers "in order to call the will into judgment before action results" (p. 264).

These criticisms are not intended to detract from what the reviewer believes to be a very valuable book, nor are they addressed against the author, who as an internist has given us a most valuable work and too with a vision that now-a-days the internist almost always woefully lacks, but are meant to be constructive in the sense that they point the way for a correlation and integration at a still higher and more useful level at which the personality would be seen to be an integral part of the individual and so given its proper place in the whole scheme.

Many other thoughts suggest themselves. For example, the concept disease is handled by the author in the usual, conventional way as if it were something that came from somewhere and fastened itself upon

the individual instead of being a name for a group of phenomena that represent a dynamic situation. Just such books as Pottenger's make it necessary that such concepts as have outworn their usefulness as at present used should be transfused with the vital fluid of progressive thought. One would have liked, too, to have seen a discussion of the basic factor back of some of the reflex manifestations. What, for example, are the phylogenetic, teleological and other factors back of the reflex interrelations of the tenth and fifth cranial nerves?

The author's lining up of the symptoms of toxemia on the sympathetic side and the symptoms of anaphylaxis on the side of the parasympathetic is a suggestive portion of the book which has been more fully elaborated in his papers published in the journals. And finally the viscerotropic reflexes such as the atrophy of certain muscles and subdermal tissues of the chest wall as a result of pulmonary tuberculosis is very suggestive of the mechanism by which the muscular dystrophies may be accounted for except that in this instance, instead of an inflamed viscera there may be found an unconscious wish which has produced a chronic motor set, because unfulfilled.

The book is a distinct contribution to the forging of the link in clinical medicine which shall connect the so-called functional with the so-called organic, which will connect what have heretofore been separated as physical and psychical, and which therefore will make for a unified concept of the individual in which the personality will no longer be lost sight of.

WHITE.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. In Thirteen Volumes. Louis Herbert Gray, A.M., Ph.D., Editor, George Foot Moore, A.M., D.D., LL.D., Consulting Editor. Volume III, Celtic. By John Arnott MacCulloch, Hon. D.D., Slavic. By Jan Máchal, Ph.D., with a Chapter on Baltic Mythology by the Editor. Boston, Marshall Jones Company.

As these volumes appear one by one they afford a vast field not only for comparative study of mythologies of various races. They offer also a fruitful field where the varying forms of expression of the same impulses of human lives play over a wide surface and grow abundantly under many climes and conditions. There is a striking similarity in the themes or motives which manifest themselves through the mythologies of the most varied and the most remote peoples. There is a marked abundance of the same sort of symbolism which is utilized to give expression to the same elements of belief, worship, conflict. All of these represent the adjustment of the human race, under whatever external conditions, to the world in which it lives and its reactions in its interrelations man with man. And after all what is life and what constitutes human history but the sum of just such striving after adjustment? This

has failed and succeeded by turn as the race has progressed by a devious course. These records of mythology are then the account of part of this development and progress. They represent the passage through a certain stage when man, in earlier forms than obtain to-day, had his peculiar methods of interpretation and explanation and of realizing as best he could his wishes. Therefore, whether these volumes contain the ancient records of people long passed away or of folk like the Celts and Slavs of this volume who have retained to a large extent in their present life the active influence of an earlier mythological period, they give us one form and phase of the history of thought. We inherit the past in the unconscious portion of our mental life, at least, and analysis reveals that the ancient thought forms and thought content are still active there. For this reason it is illuminating and profitable to seek better to understand and adjust these ways of thinking and feeling in ourselves and our contemporaries, that we may learn to fit such an ancient form more successfully into present-day cultural needs.

Therefore there is more than mere entertainment in these volumes, though there is that in peculiar abundance in the grace and charm with which this mythological lore survives among the Insular Celts or in the homely reality with which it still holds a place in Slavic daily life and belief. There is more also than matter for mere historical interest in what has passed. The pages are filled with phantasies which still live to-day, with symbolism which picturesquely and vitally expresses this, with conflicts titanic in their universality as well as in the form in which they are expressed, and yet as such only heroic forms of the individual conflicts which exert their force at the present time in the lives of adults and children. We find the conflict between the weaker and the stronger, not necessarily in objective combat but in the legend of the overcoming of the might of the greater by the weaker and the necessary dependence of the stronger upon the weaker. This appears in the Celtic conception of the relations of gods and men. This reads like an interpretation of a subjective conflict, such as wages in every child's heart toward authority and superiority. Equally subjective and related to the problems of phantasy are those exemplified in the legends of birth, by strange primitively or childishly conceived processes, which also usurp the father's right by the son. It is a familiar legend in Celtic mythology that the son and the father become identified in this birth process. There are other incest themes and many other familiar motives. There is, particularly in the Slavic mythology, that reliance on external aid in the form of good or evil beings, one to be propitiated, the other to be guarded and favored, which marks so strongly the unconscious attitude toward the external world and life's difficulties. The material of the entire volume is worthy of careful examination as a revelation and further interpretation of many elements at work to a greater or less extent in the lives of every one.

In regard to the Celtic material the author interestingly states that the records of it are attainable in two ways. On the continent of Europe there is evidence, in reference and inscriptions and in monuments of other peoples, of a rich mythology with a large number of divinities. Among the island Celts, on the other hand, there are practically no such monumental traces, but an abundant and well-developed literature which preserves the earlier mythology and shows what a place it won and has kept even under modern culture and the Christian religion. The same is true in a different way with the Slavs. Their records of ancient beliefs are but meager, but they have preserved in their everyday life, under the guise and only slight transformation of Christianity, much of the actual ancient belief which exist in milder forms and practices.

LOUISE BRINK (New York).

NERVOUSNESS, ITS CAUSES, TREATMENT AND PREVENTION. By L. E. Emerson, Ph.D. (Mind and Health Series.) Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1918. Pp. 184.

Dr. Emerson's little book is another addition to the Mind and Health Series, edited by H. Addington Bruce, and marks another step in the popularizing of wholesome ideas regarding mental illness and clearing up the thinking of the average person about many vague concepts, in this case specifically that of nervousness.

Dr. Emerson has written an entertaining little book which cannot fail to be useful to the lay reader who is suffering from nervousness. Every psychoanalyst appreciates how these sufferers have failed to get help because nowhere have they found an understanding of their sufferings. This book will demonstrate to the nervous sufferer that there is a body of information existing which serves to make his suffering understandable and which offers the hope of relief. The dominant note of the book throughout is service, which at this particular time in the history of the world, when everything seems to be in a state of chaos, is particularly wholesome.

It is of especial interest to note that the book is dedicated to Dr. James Jackson Putnam, whose death must have occurred while its pages were in press. Dr. Putnam was among the foremost in this country to advocate the principles which Dr. Emerson is endeavoring to popularize. It is gratifying at this time, when so many of his friends are saddened by his death, to pick up a book which endeavors to popularize the work to which he gave the major portion of his interests in the latter part of his life and to find it dedicated to him.

WHITE.

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